THE GREATEST NATIONAL WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 185,000
Sample copies sent free to any address.

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO; THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905 VOL. LXX: NO. 29.

SILK WORM EXPERIMENTS

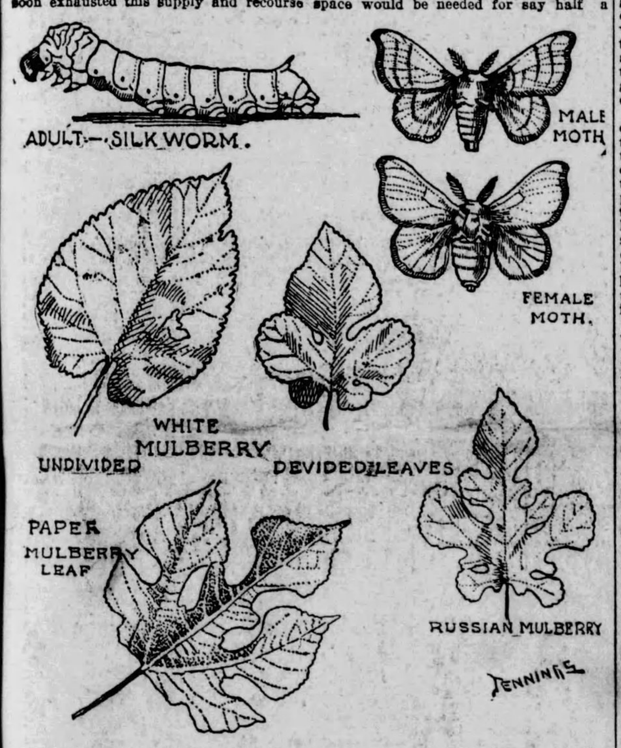
Unusual Results Have Been Attained by a Toledo Woman.

There is a silkworm farm in Toledo where 6,000 of the little caterpillars of commerce have just finished spinning their dainty threads.

Mrs. Carrie McNamar, of 2020 Franklin avenue, an enthusiastic lover of nature and amateur entomologist received from the department of agriculture at Washington last spring a quantity of silkworm eggs which are being distributed free of charge by the government to encourage the silk industry in this country, and for a short time, or while the caterpillars were spinning their cocoons, her home presented an odd and unusual appearance. There were mulberry leaves in profusion distributed throughout the downstairs portion of the house, while the soft, cream-colored, furry silkworms nestled on the window curtains, the door draperies and every available place and industriously spun their 1,000 yards of thread.

Mrs. McNamar has had some interesting experiences since she took up the study of sericulture. Two years ago she had a number of silkworms which she secured for the purpose of studying their habits. Being a collector of butterflies, beetles and moths she obtained the little silk spinners merely to add to her collection, but the government, having appropriated $10,000 for the purpose of encouraging the industry, Mrs. McNamara conceived the idea of securing many eggs and going into the raising of the worms on a large scale and as a business venture.

Having a mulberry tree in her backyard she used its leaves to feed the worms, but the voracious caterpillars soon exhausted this supply and recourse



was had to a tree owned by Mrs. Rosa L. Segur on Broadway. Four and five big baskets of the leaves were brought daily from Mrs. Segur's home to Franklin avenue, and for about a week Mrs. McNamar was one of the busiest women in Toledo.

The silkworm requires much attention to successfully cultivate. Fresh leaves must be supplied frequently, the temperature of the room must remain at a certain number of degrees and the caterpillars, if they are to do good work, must be kept scrupulously clean. All this makes much work and a perusal of what follows will show that the pecuniary returns are inadequate to the labor expended.

The silkworm of commerce is the result of domestication and artificial rearing and the wild type is uncertain, hence the caterpillars are like any household animal. Their wants have been looked after by man for so long that without him they are absolutely helpless and would die. The little silk spinner has been industriously cultivated in China since time immemorial and in Europe since the sixth century. Like all insects of its class before arriving at the perfect winged state it exists as a caterpillar and in a chrysalis state. The larva has a cylindrical body composed of 12 rings. The head is a small mass covered with a hard scale and is provided with jaws that move like a folding door. There are two glands, whose excretory canal covers the silk as it comes out with an impermeable varnish rendering it insoluble in acids and alkalies.

Hatchings occur in the spring, and the young larva quickly begins to gnaw the mulberry leaves. It eats day and night at all hours and in about 30 days grows 14,000 times larger than it was at birth. The egg from which the young worm is hatched is not quite as large as the head of a pin.

About five days from its birth it takes its first so-called "sleep" or molt, during which time the body undergoes extraordinary modifications. The skin is entirely shed. The life of the larva is divided into five ages as follows:

First age—From birth to first molt—five or six days.

Second age—From first to second molt—four days.

Third age—From second to third molt—four or five days.

Fourth age—From third to fourth molt—five to seven days.

Fifth age—From fourth molt to maturity—seven to twelve days.

Some time after each molt it remains in a state of relative torpor. When fairly through its first molt the larva begins to eat and its hunger does not cease till it is ready for a new molt.

After the worm reaches maturity its appetite diminishes and ceases altogether, while evacuation takes place in the digestive canal, this latter operation causing it to lose about 12 per cent of its weight. Its lean body is now white and semitransparent. Soon it begins to move about and throws out a silk thread from its spinneret. First a net is formed to hold the cocoon then the regular spinning begins and the form of the cocoon is designed. It is calculated that with its head alone the silk worm makes 69 movements every minute, describing arcs of circles crossed in the form of the figure eight. After about 72 hours' work the worm is completely shut up in its cocoon.

The worm goes through the last phase of its larva life in the cocoon. After four or five days the skin breaks and the insect issues from its old covering in the form of a chrysalis. This stage lasts from eighteen to twenty days during which time wings, antennae, reproductive organs and legs are all developed. When the metamorphosis is complete the sheath breaks in the region of the head and the moth or perfect insect issues.

The moth, shortly after emerging, begins to lay eggs which operation requires three days. During this time from 300 to 700 eggs are laid, from six to twelve days after the deposit of the eggs the moth dies. Thus in about 65 days the silkworm has completed its cycle of existence.

The following will give an idea of the amount of mulberry leaves consumed by one ounce of eggs: During the first age, 11 pounds of leaves; during the second age, 26 to 33 pounds; during the third age, 88 to 145 pounds; during the fourth age, 264 to 352 pounds; during the fifth age, 1,540 to 1,760 pounds, or about 2,200 pounds in all, of which one-half is consumed in the last six or seven days of the fifth age.

The age of the leaf must be relative to that of the worm and the food must be fresh and dry and of about the temperature of the room. It must be gathered early in the morning or late in the evening and the leaves must not be bruised or torn. The silk worm is so delicate that the least neglect will cause disease to which they are very prone and a list of instructions a yard long is sent by the government with each supply of eggs.

The worms from one ounce of eggs should cover at birth one square yard. On the fourth day they require two square yards and after molting four square yards. In this way they continue to occupy greater space till at the fifth age they require 60 square yards.

It may be seen from this how much space would be needed for say half a pound of eggs and the amount of labor involved in rearing and marketing the cocoons. About 350 cocoons are required to make a pound which is sold for from 75 cents to $1, according to quality. In order to raise 2,000 pounds 700,000 worms would necessarily have to be reared, and this would require for a short period the services of more than 100 people. This in a nutshell is the reason why the culture of the silkworm in the United States has been a failure.

Silk was introduced into the arts and manufactures of China 3,400 B. C., and it has remained the great staple of the Flowery Kingdom ever since because of the cheap labor in that country. Attempts innumerable have been made to put the industry on a profitable basis in the United States, beginning with the efforts of King James in 1622 when negro slaves were imported from Africa into Virginia, but tobacco and other crops were found more profitable and the people of either this country or Europe have never been able to compete successfully with the Orient. Sporadic attempts have been made by congress ever since the revolution to encourage the raising of silkworms and appropriations ranging from $10,000 to $25,000 have been made, but American continues to get all its raw silk from China, Japan and India.

In 1902 the secretary of agriculture recommended an appropriation for the purpose of making another effort to grow raw silk in this country, and eggs were furnished free to all who requested them with the understanding that the government would purchase all the cocoons raised, and it was this that induced Mrs. McNamar to try the experiment. Her knowledge of the habits of silkworms has been greatly widened, and she had added to her store of entomological experience. In this respect her contact with the caterpillar has been a success, but the knowledge has been brought home to her that as a commercial proposition the silkworm is a dismal failure.

Mrs. McNamar, however, has the distinction of being the first person to successfully produce colored cocoons—that is, silk dyed in the worm. Efforts have been made for centuries in France, Italy, China and Japan to reach this end. It has been thought that some coloring matter might be placed in the mulberry leaves that would make the worm spin colored silk, but all efforts to do this proved unsuccessful. The Toledo woman, undaunted by the failures of many scientists, has produced a large number of pink and yellow cocoons and on sending them to Washington received a long letter from C. L. Marlatt, acting chief of the bureau of entomology, in which he congratulated her upon her successful experiment. Mrs. McNamar refused to disclose the nature of the liquids applied to the leaves. There are, of course, different ingredients for each color. Her efforts to produce green and blue cocoons met with failure, but she thinks it can be done.

Not Their Fault.

"What makes bears so ugly?" she asked.

"People, usually," replied the keeper of the menagerie.—Detroit Free Press.

Togo's Victory.

Now that Togo's won his battle,
Naval experts high and low,
In the magazines will prattle
Of the way they told us so.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A TALE FROM MONTANA

Man Out There Can Raise Thirty Thousand Bushels of Potatoes in Sixty Days.

A resident of Great Falls has either made one of the greatest discoveries of the age in agriculture or he is one of the greatest fakirs of the time, and at present those whom he has taken into his confidence are willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. W. D. Darst, a cook, residing at No. 215 Eighth street, south, declares that he has perfected a process by which an indefinite quantity of potatoes may be forced to grow on any tract of ground at a cost of not to exceed $2 a ton. He asserts that he can easily raise thirty thousand bushels of potatoes to the acre every sixty days, and that he is satisfied that a much greater yield can be secured.

Something concerning the experiment has heretofore been made public, but until this time, Mr. Darst has refused to permit his name to be used. He now declares that he has been notified by the United States patent office that his applications for patents have been approved, and he declares that as soon as his patents shall have been received he will reveal his secret and will demonstrate to the public that he is telling the truth.

Darst has been a resident of Montana for about six years, coming to the state from Chicago. He was employed in Helena for more than three years, and about two and one-half years ago came to Great Falls as chef at the Hotel Grand. He recently gave up his position and has been devoting all his time to gardening and to perfecting his potato raising process, it being his design to raise potatoes entirely under ground, without permitting any sprout or vine to appear above the surface. He claims he has done this, and that he can cause potatoes to grow wholly underground, one layer of potatoes on top of another.

He says he has caused potatoes to grow in this way with layers to a depth of fifteen feet, in which depth there would be enough layers to produce thirty thousand bushels of potatoes to the acre; and he declares there is no reason why they should not be planted to a much greater depth, with a corresponding increase in the yield an acre.

Darst declares the secret lies in the composition of a preparation that takes the place of soil. It is upon this mixture that he claims to have secured a patent. He says that a layer of this mixture, three or four inches deep, may be placed in a box, with eyes of potatoes on this first layer may be placed another layer of the mixture, with potato eyes scattered through it; and so on, one layer on top of another, until the box has been filled. Then the mixture may be heated, he declares, and growth of potatoes will commence and progress rapidly in each of the numerous layers.

He claims that all that is necessary is to keep the mixture at a growing temperature and to water it every two weeks, and that within sixty days from the time of planting the eyes there will be a crop of perfect potatoes in each layer in the box, all the tubers being about the size of a hen's egg. All this, he claims, will result without a vine or sprout appearing above the surface.

In his experiments Darst has heated the contents of his box by means of a steam coil, but he declares this is unnecessary, and that the heat of the sun will suffice in summer, if the box be covered with glass. He terms his box an incubator. The one he has used is a small one, but he claims the same results may be secured in a box of any depth, length or width.

He claims he has demonstrated he can produce, in a box fifteen feet deep and covering 43,500 square feet, thirty thousand bushels of "new" potatoes every sixty days, and secure six such crops every year. He claims such a box, covering one acre, with the required heating apparatus, may be constructed for $2,500, and that the cost of his compound and of the labor required will amount to $2 a ton. He declares that at certain seasons he can market all the potatoes he can supply in Chicago at 8 cents a pound. If he received only 1 cent a pound, his yield an acre, on an investment of $2,500 and an expenditure of $1,800 for labor and materials, would be $18,000 an acre, according to his figures.

Darst declares his potatoes are not only "vineless" or "topless" but that they are also eyeless. He asserts they are as smooth as an apple, having no eyes, and that he must secure his seed supply from others, not being able to raise seed by his process. He declares the potatoes are of excellent quality and will keep as well as any.

To a very few friends, Darst has shown his experimental plant and some of the potatoes he claims to have raised therein. Several professional men of the city, including one physician, have made an inspection. They will not accept Darst's statements as true, but they are in such a frame of mind that they will not declare he is attempting to deceive and they are awaiting for him to make the public demonstration that he now promises.

Darst claims he has been offered $100,000 for his invention, but that he has decided to hold a controlling interest in his patent and sell only enough to secure the money he needs to operate on a large scale.—Great Falls, Mont., correspondent of the Anaconda Standard.

RANCH AUTOMOBILES.

"I have just returned from a tour of the great ranching regions of Western Texas," said the salesman, "and as it is my custom to make that belt at least twice every year it comes easy for me to note the progress.

"No man who has not visited it in recent months can even surmise the great change worked by the automobile. Why, the latter has now brought points more than a hundred miles distant from the railways into the closest touch with civilization. What used to be days of travel between distant ranches and railway stations is now merely a matter of a very few hours.

"Nearly all the ranchmen own their automobiles, and you can see them skimming the broad prairie in every direction, at times frightening the jack rabbits and the coyotes and striking consternation to the hearts of hoot owls and rattlesnakes.

"With the passing of the cowboy has almost come the passing of the cow pony too, for on several big ranches I actually saw men rounding up the herds in automobiles."—Houston Post.

HE WANTED HELP.

Ike, from the city, visited his Cousin Jake in the country, and a coon hunt was planned for Ike's benefit. Very early in the evening the dog treed and Jake climbed up to shake the coon out. A wild scrimmage followed, punctuated by growling and spitting on the part of the animal and yells from Jake. Soon everything grew quiet, Jake and the animal each having reached the point where they were willing to remain quiet. Ike grew impatient and shouted:

"Jake, have you got him?"

"Yes, Ike, and I vish you vould come up and help me turn him loose a moment, please."—Memphis News-Scimitar.

Mysterious Mr. Sabin:

A Story of International Intrigue.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim....

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"So I have found you at last!"

Mr. Sabin looked up with a distinct start from the table where he sat writing. When he saw who his visitor was, he set down his pen and rose to receive her at once. He permitted himself to indulge in a little gesture of relief; her noiseless entrance had filled him with a sudden fear.

"My dear Helene," he said, placing a chair for her, "if I had had the least idea that you wished to see me, I would have let you know my whereabouts. I am sorry that you should have had any difficulty; you should have written."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"What does it all mean?" she asked. "Why are you masquerading in cheap lodgings, and why do they say at Kensington that you have gone abroad? Have things gone wrong?"

He turned and faced her directly. She saw then that pale and haggard though he was, his was not the countenance of a man tasting the bitterness of failure.

"Very much the contrary," he said; "we are on the brink of success. All that remains to be done is the fitting together of my American work with the last of these papers. It will take me about another twenty-four hours."

She handed across to him a morning newspaper, which she had been carrying in her muff. A certain paragraph was marked.

"We regret to state that Admiral, the Earl of Deringham, was seized yesterday morning with a fit, while alone in his study. Dr. Bond, of Harley street, was summoned at once to a consultation, but we understand that the case is a critical one, and the gravest fears are entertained. Lord Deringham was the greatest living authority upon the subject of our fleet and coast defenses, and we are informed that at the time of his seizure he was completing a very important work in connection with this subject."

Mr. Sabin read the paragraph slowly, and then handed the paper back to Helene.

"Deringham was a very distinguished man," he remarked, "but he was stark mad, and has been for years. They have been able to keep it quiet only because he was harmless."

"You remember what I told you about these people," Helene said sternly; "I told you distinctly that I would not have them harmed in any way. You were at Deringham Hall on the morning of his seizure. You went straight there from the Lodge."

"That is quite true," he admitted, "but I had nothing to do with his illness."

"I wish I could feel certain of that," Helene answered. "You are a very determined man, and you went there to get papers from him by any means. You proved that you were altogether reckless as to how you got them, by your treatment of Lord Wolfenden. You succeeded! No one living knows by what means!"

He interrupted her with an impatient gesture.

"There is nothing in this worth discussion," he declared. "Lord Deringham is nothing to you—you never even saw him in your life, and if you really have any misgivings about it, I can assure you that I got what I wanted from him without violence. It is not a matter for you to concern yourself in, nor is it a matter worth considering at all, especially at such a time as the present."

She sat quite still, her head resting upon her gloved hand. He did not altogether like her appearance.

"I want you to understand," he continued slowly, "that success, absolute success is ours. I have the personal pledge of the German Emperor, signed by his own hand. Tomorrow at noon the compact is concluded. In a few weeks, at the most, the thunderbolt will have fallen. These arrogant Islanders will be facing a great invasion, whose success is already made absolutely sure. And then——"

He paused; his face kindled with a passionate enthusiasm, his eyes were lit with fire. There was something great in the man's rapt expression.

"Then, the only true, the only sweet battlecry in the French tongue, will ring through the woods of Brittany, ay, even to the walls of Paris. Vive la France! Vive la Monarchie!"

"France has suffered so much," she murmured; "do not you who love her so tremble when you think of her rivers running once more red with blood?"

"If there be war at all," he answered, "it will be brief. Year by year the loyalists have gained power and influence. I have notes here from secret agents in every town, almost in every village; the great heart of Paris is with us. Henri will only have to show himself, and the voice of the people will shout him king! And you——"

"For me," she interrupted, "nothing! I withdraw! I will not marry Henri, he must stand his chance alone! He is the elder branch—he is the direct heir to the throne!"

Mr. Sabin drew a long breath between his teeth. He was nerving himself for a great effort. This fear had been the one small, black cloud in the sky of his happiness.

"Helene," he said, "if I believed that you meant—that you could possibly mean—what you have this moment said, I would tear my compact in two, throw this box amongst the flames, and make my bow to my life's work. But you do not mean it. You will change your mind."

"But indeed I shall not!"

"Of necessity you must; the alliance between you and Henri is absolutely compulsory. You unite the two great branches of the royal family. The sound of your name, coupled with his, will recall to the ears of France all that was most glorious in her splendid history. And apart from that, Henri needs such a woman as you for his queen. He has many excellent qualities, but he is weak, a trifle too easy, a trifle thoughtless."

"He is a dissipated roue," she said in a low tone, with curling lip.

Mr. Sabin, who had been walking restlessly up and down the room, came and stood over her, leaning upon his wonderful stick.

"Helene," he said gravely, "for your own sake, and for your country's sake, I charge you to consider well what you are doing. What does it matter to you if Henri is even as bad as you say, which, mark you, I deny. He is the King of France! Personally, you can be strangers if you please, but marry him you must. You need not be his wife, but you must be queen! Almost you make me ask myself whether I am talking to Helene of Bourbon, a Princess Royal of France, or to a love-sick English country girl, pining for a sweetheart, whose highest ambition is to bear children, and whose destiny is to become a drudge. May God forbid it! May God forbid, that after all these years of darkness you should play me false now when the dawn is already lightening the sky. Sink your sex! Forget it! Remember that you are more than a woman—you are royal, and your country has the first claim upon your heart. The dignity which exalts demands also sacrifices! Think of your great ancestors, who died with this prayer upon their lips—that one day their children's children should win again the throne which they had lost. Their eyes may be upon you at this moment. Give me a single reason for this change in you—one single valid reason, and I will say no more."

She was silent; the color was coming and going in her cheeks. She was deeply moved; the honest passion in his tone had thrilled her.

"I would not dare to suggest, even in a whisper, to myself," he went on, his dark eyes fixed upon her, and his voice lowered, "that Helene of Bourbon, Princess of Brittany, could set a greater price upon the love of a man—and that man an Englisman—than upon her country's salvation. I would not even suffer so dishonoring a thought to creep into my brain. Yet I will remember that you are a girl—a woman—that is to say, a creature of strange moods; and I remind you that the marriage of a queen entails only the giving of a hand, her heart remains always at her disposal, and never yet has a queen of France been without her lover!"

She looked up at him with burning cheeks.

"You have spoken bitterly to me," she said, "but from your point of view I have deserved it. Perhaps I have been weak; after all, men are not so very different. They are all ignoble. You are right when you call us women creatures of moods. Today I should prefer the convent to marriage with any man. But listen! If you can persuade me that my marriage with Henri is necessary for his acceptance by the people of France, if I am assured of that, I will yield."

Mr. Sabin drew a long breath of relief. Blanche had succeeded, then. Even in that moment he found time to realize that, without her aid, he would have run a terrible risk of failure. He sat down and spoke calmly, but impressively.

"From my point of view," he said, "and I have considered the subject exhaustively, I believe that it is absolutely necessary. You and Henri represent the two great Houses, who might, with almost equal right, claim the throne. The result of your union must be perfect unanimity. Now, suppose that Henri stands alone; don't you see that your cousin, Louis of Bourbon, is almost as near in the direct line? He is young and impetuous, without ballast, but I believe ambitious. He would be almost sure to assert himself. At any rate, his very existence would certainly lead to factions, and the splitting up of nobles into parties. This is the greatest evil we could possibly have to face. There must be no dissensions whatever during the first generation of the re-established monarchy. The country would not be strong enough to bear it. With you married to Henri, the two great Houses of Bourbon and Ortrens are allied. Against their representative there would be no one strong enough to lift a hand. Have I made it clear?"

"Yes," the girl answered, "you have made it very clear. Will you let me consider for a few moments?"

She sat there with her back half-turned to him, gazing into the fire. He moved back in the chair and went on with his writing. She heard the lightning rush of his pen, as he covered sheet after sheet of paper without even glancing towards her; he had no more to say, he knew very well that his work was done. The influence of his words were strong upon her; in her heart they had awakened some echo of those old ambitions which had once been very real and live things. She set herself the task of fanning them once more with the fire of enthusiasm. For she had no longer any doubts as to her duty. Wolfenden's words—the first spoken words of love which had ever been addressed to her—had carried with them at the time a peculiar and a very sweet conviction. She had lost faith, too, in Mr. Sabin and his methods. She had begun to wonder whether he was not after all a visionary, whether there was really the faintest chance of the people of her country ever being stirred into a return to their old faith and allegiance. Wolfenden's appearance had been for him singularly opportune, and she had almost decided a few mornings ago, that, after all, there was not any real bar between them. She was a princess, but of a fallen house; he was a nobleman of the most powerful country in the world. She had permitted herself to care for him a little; she was astonished to find how swiftly that sensation had grown into something which had promised to become very real and precious to her—and then, this insolent girl had come to her—her photograph was was in his locket. He was like Henri, and all the others! She despised herself for the heartache of which she was sadly conscious. Her cheeks burned with shame, and her heart was hot with rage, when she thought of the kiss she had given him—perhaps he had even placed her upon a level with the typewriting girl, had dared to consider her, too, as a possible plaything for his idle moments. She set her teeth, and her eyes flashed.

Mr. Sabin, as his pen flew over the paper, felt a touch upon his arm.

"I am quite convinced," she said, "When the time comes I shall be ready."

He looked up with a faint, but gratified smile.

"I had no fear of you," he said. "Frankly, in Henri alone I should have been destitute of confidence. I should not have labored as I have done, but for you! In your hands, largely, the destinies of your country will remain."

"I shall do my duty," she answered quietly.

"I always knew it! And now," he said, looking back toward his papers, "how about the present? I do not want you here. Your presence would certainly excite comment, and I am virtually in hiding for the next twenty-four hours."

"The duchess of Montegarde arrived in London yesterday," she replied. "I am going to her."

"You could not do a wiser thing," he declared. "Send your address to Avon house; tomorrow night or Saturday night I shall come for you. All will be settled then: we shall have plenty to do, but after the labor of the last seven years it will not seem like work. It will be the beginning of the harvest."

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"And your reward," she said, "what is that to be?"

He smiled.

"I will not pretend," he answered, "that I have worked for the love of my country and my order alone. I also am ambitious, although my ambition is more patriotic than personal, I mean to be first minister of France!"

"You will deserve it," she said. "You are a very wonderful man."

She walked out into the street, and entered the cab which she had ordered to wait for her.

"Fourteen, Grosvenor Square," she told the man, "but call at the first telegraph office."

He set her down in a few minutes. She entered a small postoffice and stood for a moment before one of the compartments. Then she drew a form toward her, and wrote out a telegram—

"To Lord Wolfenden,
"Deringham Hall,
"Norfolk.

"I cannot send for you as I promised. Farewell.—Helene."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"GERMANY'S INSULT TO ENGLAND!
ENGLAND'S REPLY.
MOBILIZATION IMMINENT.
ARMING OF THE FLEET.
WAR ALMOST CERTAIN!"

Wolfenden, who had bought no paper on his way up from Norfolk, gazed with something approaching amazement at the huge placards everywhere displayed along the Strand, thrust into his cab by adventurous newsboys, flaunting upon every lamp-post. He alighted near Trafalgar Square, and purchased a Globe. The actual facts were meagre enough, but significant when considered in the light of a few days ago. A vacancy had occurred upon the throne of one of England's far off dependencies. The British nominee had been insulted in his palace by the German consul—a rival, denounced as rebel by the authorities, had been carried off in safety on to a German gunboat, and accorded royal honors. The thing was trivial as it stood, but its importance had been enhanced a thousandfold by later news. The German emperor had sent a telegram, approving his consul's action and forbidding him to recognize the new sovereign. There was no possibility of misinterpreting such an action; it was an overt and deliberate insult, the second within a week. Wolfenden read the news upon the pavements of Pall Mall, jostled from right to left by hurrying passers by, conscious too, all the while, of that subtle sense of excitement which was in the air and was visibly reflected in the faces of the crowd. He turned into his club, and here he found even a deeper note of the prevailing fever. Men were gathered around the fane in little clusters, listening to the click click of the instrument, and reading aloud the little items of news as they appeared. There was a burst of applause when the Prime Minister's dignified and peremptory demand for an explanation eked out about four o'clock in the afternoon—an hour later it was rumored that the German ambassador had received his papers. The Stock Exchange remained firm—there was enthusiasm, but no panic. Wolfenden began to wish that he, too, were a soldier, as he passed from one to another of the eager groups of young men about his own age, eagerly discussing the chances of the coming campaign. He walked out into the street presently, and made his way boldly down to the house which had been pointed out to him as the town abode of Mr. Sabin and his niece. He found it shut up and apparently empty. The servant, who after some time answered his numerous ringings, was, either from design or chance, more than usually stupid. He could not tell where Mr. Sabin was or when he would return—he seemed to have no information whatever as regards the young lady. Wolfenden turned away in despair and walked slowly back towards Pall Mall. At the bottom of Piccadilly he stopped for a moment to let a little stream of carriages pass by; he was about to cross the road when a large barouche, with a pair of restive horses, again blocked the way. Attracted by an unknown coronet upon the panel, and the quiet magnificence of the servants' liveries, he glanced curiously at the occupants as the carriage passed him. It was one of the surprises of his life. The woman nearest to him he knew well by sight; she was the duchess de Montegarde, one of the richest and most famous of French-women—a woman often quoted as exactly typical of the old French nobility, and who had furthermore gained for herself a personal reputation for delicate and aristocratic exclusiveness, not altogether shared by her compeers in English society. By her side—in the seat of honor—was Helene, and opposite to them was a young man with a dark, fiercely twisted moustache and distinctly foreign appearance. They passed slowly, and Wolfenden remained upon the edge of the pavement with his eyes fixed upon them.

He was conscious at once of something about her which seemed strange to him—some new development. She leaned back in her seat, barely pretending to listen to the young man's conversation, her lips a little curled, her own face the very prototype of aristocratic languor! All the lines of the face were in her delicately chiselled features; the mere idea of regarding her as the niece of the unknown Mr. Sabin seemed just then almost ridiculous. The carriage went by without her seeing him—she appeared to have no interest whatever in the passers-by. But Wolfenden remained there without moving until a touch on the arm recalled him to himself.

He turned abruptly round, and to his amazement found himself shaking hands vigorously with Densham!

"Where on earth did you spring from, old chap?" he asked. "Dick said that you had gone abroad."

Densham smiled a little sadly.

"I was on my way," he said, "when I heard the war rumors. There seemed to be something in it, so I came back as fast as express trains and steamers would bring me. I only landed in England this morning. I am applying for the post of correspondent to the London News."

Wolfenden sighed.

"I would give the world," he said, "for some such excitement as that!"

Densham drew his hand through Wolfenden's arm.

"I saw whom you were watching just now," he said. "She is as beautiful as ever!"

Wolfenden turned suddenly round.

"Densham," he said, "you know who she is—tell me."

"Do you mean to say that you have not found out?"

"I do! I know her better, but still only as Mr. Sabin's neice!"

Densham was silent for several moments. He felt Wolfenden's fingers gripping his arm nervously.

"Well, I do not see that I should be betraying any confidence now," he said. "The promise I gave was only binding for a short time, and now that she is to be seen openly with the duchess de Montegarde, I suppose the embargo is removed. The young lady is the Princess Helene Frances de Bourbon, and the young man is her betrothed husband, the prince of Ortens!"

Piccadilly became suddenly a vague and shadowy thoroughfare to Wolfenden. He was not quite sure whether his footsteps ever reached the pavement. Densham hastened him into the club and, installing him into an easy chair, called for brandies and soda.

"Poor old Wolf!" he said softly. "I'm afraid you're like I was—very hard hit. Here, drink this! I'm beastly sorry I told you, but I certainly thought you would have had some idea."

"I have been a thick-headed idiot!" Wolfenden exclaimed: "There have been heaps of things from which I might have guessed something near the truth, at any rate. What a fool she must have thought me.

The two men were silent. Outside in the street there was a rush for a special edition, and a half cheer rang in the room. A waiter entered with a handful of copies which were instantly seized upon. Wolfenden secured one and read the headings.

"MOBILIZATION DECLARED.
All Leave Cancelled.
Cabinet Council Still Sitting."

"Densham, do you realize that we are really in for war?"

Densham nodded.

"I don't think there can be any doubt about it myself. What a thunderbolt! By the bye, where is your friend, Mr. Sabin?"

Wolfenden shook his head.

"I do not know; I came to London partially to see him. I have an account to settle when we do meet; at present he has disappeared. Densham!"

"Well!"

"If Miss Sabin has become the Princess Helene of Bourbon, who is Mr. Sabin?"

"I am not sure," Densham answered. "I have been looking into the genealogy of the family, and if he is really her uncle there is only one man whom he can be—the Duke de Souspennier!"

"Souspennier! Wasn't he banished from France for something or other—intriguing for the restoration of the monarchy, I think it was?"

Densham nodded.

"Yes, he disappeared at the time of the Commune, and since then he is supposed to have been in Asia somewhere. He has quite a history, I believe, and at different times has been involved in several European complications. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he isn't our man. Mr. Sabin has rather the look of a man who has traveled in the East, and he is certainly an aristocrat."

Wolfenden was suddenly thoughtful.

"Harcutt would be very much interested in this," he declared. "What's up outside?"

There had been a crash in the street, and the sound of a horse plunging; the two men walked to the windows. The debris of a hansom was lying in the road, with one wheel hopelessly smashed, a few yards off. A man, covered with mud, rose slowly from the wreck. Densham and Wolfenden simultaneously recognized him.

"It is Felix," Wolfenden exclaimed. "Come on!"

They both hurried out into the street. The driver of the hansom, who also was covered with mud, stood talking to Felix while staunching the blood from a wound in his forehead.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he was saying. "I hope you'll remember as it was your orders to risk an accident, sooner than lose sight of t'other gent. Mine's a good' oss, but what is he against a pair and a light brougham? and Piccadilly ain't the place for a chase of this sort! It'll cost me three pun ten, sir, to say nothing of the wheel——"

Felix motioned him impatiently to be silent, and thrust a note into his hand.

"If the damage comes to more than that," he said, "ask for me at the Russian Embassy, and I will pay it. Here is my card.

Felix was preparing to enter another cab, but Wolfenden laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Won't you come to my club here, and have a wash?" he suggested. "I am afraid that you have cut your cheek."

Felix raised his handkerchief to his face, and found it covered with blood.

"Thank you, Lord Wolfenden," he said, "I should be glad to; you seem destined always to play the part of the Good Samaritan to me!"

They both went with him into the lavatory.

"Do you know," he asked Wolfenden, when he had sponged his face, "whom I was following?"

Wolfenden shook his head.

"Mr. Sabin?" he suggested.

"Not Mr. Sabin himself," Felix answered, "but almost the same thing. It was Foo Cha, his Chinese servant who has just arrived in England. Have you any idea where Mr. Sabin is?"

They both shook their heads.

"I do not know," Wolfenden said, "but I am very anxious to find out. I have an account to settle with him!"

"And I," Felix murmured in a low tone, "have a very much longer one against him. Tonight, if I am not too late, there will be a balance struck between us! I have lost Foo Cha, but others, better skilled than I am, are in search of his master. They will succeed, too! They always succeed. What have you against him, Lord Wolfenden?"

Wolfenden hesitated; yet why not tell the man the truth? He had nothing to gain by concealment.

"He forced himself into my father's house in Norfolk and obtained, either by force or craft, some valuable papers. My father was in delicate health, and we fear that the shock will cost him his reason."

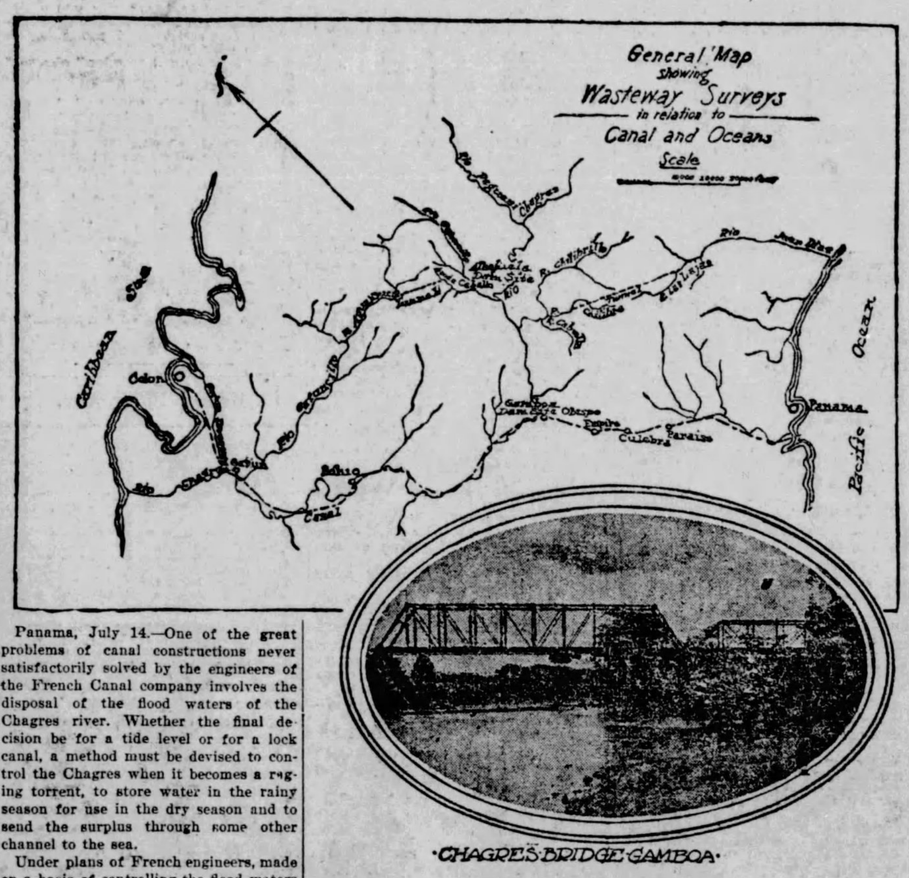
"Do you want to know what they were?" Felix said. "I can tell you! Do you want to know what he required them for? I can tell you that too! He has concocted a marvelous scheme, and if he is left to himself for another hour or two, he will succeed. But I have no fear; I have set working a mightier machinery than even he can grapple with!"

They had walked together into the smoke-room; Felix seemed somewhat shaken and was glad to rest for a few minutes.

"Has he outstepped the law, been guilty of my crime?" Wolfenden asked; "he is daring enough!"

Felix laughed shortly. He was lighting a cigaret, but his hand trembled so

Torrential Chagres River Threatens Panama Canal.



CHAGRES BRIDGE GAMBOA

Panama, July 14.—One of the great problems of canal constructions never satisfactorily solved by the engineers of the French Canal company involves the disposal of the flood waters of the Chagres river. Whether the final decision be for a tide level or for a lock canal, a method must be devised to control the Chagres when it becomes a raging torrent, to store water in the rainy season for use in the dry season and to send the surplus through some other channel to the sea.

Under plans of French engineers, made on a basis of controlling the flood waters on an eighty-five foot level, the cost was estimated at $36,000,000, and many practical Americans have doubted whether even this enormous expenditure would protect the canal. As a result of surveys made by Americans within the last year it is announced here that the water can absolutely be controlled by means of a dam at an elevation of 185 feet and at an approximate saving of $27,903,000 from the French estimate.

In the dry seasons the flow of the river becomes almost insignificant for control; the discharge becomes two hundred times smaller than in periods of the greatest floods. Near where the Chagres crosses the canal location its tributary, the Bas Obispo river, enters with the water from the drainage up to the continental divide. Below Obispo the Chagres flows to San Pablo through a somewhat restricted valley with tortuous windings in a narrow alluvial plain, requiring considerable rectification. High, steep, densely wooded hills narrow in and afford the dam sites of the various canal projects.

Actual conditions do not show any foundation for the evil repute of the Chagres. The river flows over sand and gravel between steep clay banks, often not exceeding two hundred feet in width, and the water is rarely turbid. As the drainage area is free from pollution, the water should be of the purest, as it is well aerated, flowing with a swift current over many small rapids. In times of rain there is a noticeable amount of sediment, which is largely deposited in the lower reaches.

The floods are very flashy; they come suddenly and are sustained a very short period, declining quickly almost to low water conditions.

The country along the upper river is thickly wooded, and in many places with a tangled and matted jungle undergrowth, through which the American parties had to cut roads, often along hills with slopes of forty degrees. From Gamboa to Albajuela, a distance of about eleven miles, the river rises forty-six feet; in the next eleven and a half miles, to a point near Santa Barbara, there is a rise of eighty feet. Outside of the villages along the railroad there is only one tiny hamlet, called Cruces, on the banks of the river.

Navigation on the Uper Chagres is limited to small dugout canoes, pushed up stream by men with iron shod poles, but in the dry season there is scarcely sufficient water for this in places, and, except for deep pools at the eddies, it is possible to walk up the river bed for considerable distance.

that he could scarcely hold the match.

"A further reaching arm than the law," he said, dropping his voice, "more powerful than governments. Even by this time his whereabouts is known. If we are only in time; that is the only fear."

"Cannot you tell us," Wolfenden asked, "something of this wonderful scheme of his—why was he so anxious to get those papers and drawings from my father—to what purpose can he possibly put them?"

Felix hesitated.

"Well," he said, "why not? You have a right to know. Understand that I myself have only the barest outline of it; I will tell you this, however. Mr. Sabin is the Duc de Sonspennier, a Frenchman of fabulous wealth, who has played many strange parts in European history. Amongst other of his accomplishments, he is a mechanical and strategical genius. He has studied under Addison in America, one subject only, for three years—the destruction of warships and fortifications by electrical contrivances unknown to the general world. Then he came to England, and collected a vast amount of information concerning your navy and coast defences in many different ways—finally he sent a girl to play the part of typist to your father, whom he knew to be the greatest living authority upon all naval matters connected with your country. Every line he wrote was copied and sent to Mr. Sabin, until by some means your father's suspicions were aroused, and the girl was dismissed. The last portion of your father's work consisted of a set of drawings, of no fewer than twenty-seven of England's finest vessels, every one of which has a large proportion of defective armour plating, which would render the vessels utterly useless in case of war. These drawings show the exact position of the defective plates, and it was to secure these illustrations that Mr. Sabin paid that daring visit to your father on Tuesday morning. Now, what he professes broadly, is that he has elaborated a scheme, by means of which, combined with the aid of his inventions, a few torpedo boats can silence every fort in the Thames, and leave London at the mercy of any invaders. At the same time his plans include the absolutely safe landing of troops on the east and south coast, at certain selected spots. This scheme, together with some very alarming secret information affecting the great majority of your battleships, will, he asserts with absolute confidence, place your country at the mercy of any power to whom he chooses to sell it. He offered it to Russia first, and then to Germany. Germany has accepted his terms and will declare war upon England the moment she has his whole scheme and inventions in her possession."

Wolfenden and Densham looked at one another, partly incredulous, partly aghast. It was like a page from the Arabian Nights. Surely such a thing as this was not possible. Yet even that short silence was broken by the cry of the newsboys out in the street—

"GERMANY ARMING!
REPORTED DECLARATION OF WAR!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Sabin leaned back in his chair with a long, deep sigh of content. The labor of years was completed at last. With that final little sketch his work was done. A pile of manuscripts and charts lay before him; everything was in order. He took a bill of lading from his letter case, and pinned it carefully to the rest. Then he glanced at his watch, and, taking a cigarette case from his pocket, began to smoke.

There was a knock at the door, and Mr. Sabin, who had recognized the approaching footsteps, glanced up carelessly.

"What is it, Foo Cha? I told you that I would ring when I wanted you."

The Chinaman glided to his side.

"Master," he said softly, "I have fears. There is something not good in the air."

Mr. Sabin turned sharply around.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Foo Cha was apologetic, but serious.

"Master, I was followed from the House of Commons by a man, who drove fast after me in a two-wheeled cab. He lost me on the way, but there are others. I have been into the street, and I am sure of it. The house is being watched on all sides."

Mr. Sabin drew a quiet, little breath. For a moment his haggard face seemed almost ghastly. He recovered himself, however, with an effort.

"We are not in China, Foo Cha," he said. "I have done nothing against the law of this country; no man can enter here if we resist. If we are really being watched, it must be by persons in the pay of the Russian. But they can do nothing; it is too late; Knigenstein will be here in half an hour. The thing will be settled then, once and forever."

Foo Cha was troubled still.

"Me afraid!" he admitted frankly. "Strange men this end and that end of street. Me no like it. Ah!"

The front door bell rang softly; it was a timid, hesitating ring, as though some one had but feebly touched the knob. Foo Cha and his master looked at one another in silence. There was something almost ominous in that gentle peal.

"You must see who it is, Foo Cha," Mr. Sabin said. "It may be Knigenstein come early; if so, show him in at once. To everybody else the house is empty."

Foo Cha bowed silently and withdrew. He struck a match in the dark passage, and lit the hanging gas lamp. Then he opened the door cautiously.

One man alone was standing there. Foo Cha looked at him in despair; it was certainly not Knigenstein, nor was there any sign of his carriage in the street. The stranger was a man of middle height, squarely built and stout. He wore a long black overcoat, and he stood with his hands in his pockets.

"What you want?" Foo Cha asked. "What you want with me?"

The man did not answer at once, but he stepped inside into the passage. Foo Cha tried to shut the door in his face, but it was like pushing against a mountain.

"Where is your master?" he asked.

"Master? He not here," Foo Cha answered, with glib and untruthful earnestness. "Indeed he is not here—quite true. He come tomorrow; I preparing house for him. What do you want? Go away, or me call policeman."

The intruder smiled indulgently into the Chinaman's earnest, upturned face.

"Foo Cha," he said, "that is enough. Take this card to your master, Mr. Sabin."

Foo Cha was ready to begin another torrent of expostulations, but in the gaslight he met the newcomer's steadfast gaze, and he was silent. The stranger was dressed in the garb of a superior working man, but his speech and manner indicated a very different station. Foo Cha took the card and left him in the passage. He made his way softly into the sitting room, and as he entered him turned the key in the lock behind him; there, at any rate, was a moment or two of respite.

"Master," he said, "there is a man there whom we cannot stop. When me tell him you no here, he laugh at me. He will see you; he no go way. He laugh again when I try shut the door. He give me card; I no understaud what on it."

Mr. Sabin stretched out his hand and took the card from the Chinaman's fingers. There seemed to be one or two words upon it, traced in a delicate, sloping handwriting. Mr. Sabin had snatched at the little piece of pasteboard with some impatience, but the moment he had read those few words a remarkable change came over him. He started as though he had received an electric shock; the pupils of his eyes seemed hideously dilated; the usual pallor of his face was merged in a ghastly whiteness. And then, after the first shock, came a look of deep and utter despair; his hand fell to his side, a half-muttered imprecation escaped from his trembling lips, yet he laid the card gently, even with reverence, upon the desk before him.

"You can show him in, Foo Cha," he directed, in a low tone; "show him in at once."

Foo Cha glided out disappointed. Something had gone terribly wrong, he was sure of that. He went slowly downstairs, his eyes fixed upon the dark figure standing motionless in the dimly-lit hall. He drew a sharp breath, which sounded through his yellow, protuberant teeth like a hiss. A single stroke of that long knife—it would be so easy. Then he remembered the respect with which Mr. Sabin had treated that card, and he sighed. Perhaps it would be a mistake; it might make evil worse. He beckoned to the stranger, and conducted him upstairs.

Mr. Sabin received his visitor standing. He was still very pale, but his face had resumed its wonted impassiveness. In the dim lamp-lit room he could see very little of his visitor, only a thick-set man with dark eyes and a closely-cropped black beard. He was roughly dressed, yet he held himself well. The two men eyed one another steadily for several moments, before any speech passed between them.

"You are surprised," the stranger said; "I do not wonder at it. Perhaps—you have been much engressed, it is said—you had even forgotten."

Mr. Sabin's lips curled in a bitter smile.

"One does not forget those things," he said. "To business. Let me know what is required of me."

"It has been reported," the stranger said, "that you have conceived and brought to great perfection a comprehensive and infallible scheme for the conquest of this country. Further, that you are on the point of handing it over to the emperor of Germany, for the use of that country. I think I may conclude that the report is correct?" he added, with a glance at the table. "We are not often misinformed."

"The report," Mr. Sabin assented, "is perfectly correct."

"We have taken counsel upon the matter," the stranger continued, "and I am here to acquaint you with our decision. The papers are to be burnt, and the appliances to be destroyed forthwith. No portion of them is to be shown to the German government or any person representing that country, nor to any other power. Further, you are to leave England within two months."

Mr. Sabin stood quite still, his hands resting lightly upon the desk in front of him. His eyes, fixed on vacancy, were looking far out of that shabby little room, back along the avenue of time, thronged with the fragments of his broken dreams. He realized once more the full glory of his daring and ambitious scheme. He saw his country revelling again in her old splendor, stretching out her limbs and taking once more the foremost place among her sister nations. He saw the pageantry and rich coloring of imperialism, firing the imagination of her children, drawing all hearts back to their allegiance, breaking through the hard crust of materialism which had spread like an evil dream through the land. He saw himself great and revered, the patriot, the Richelieu of his days, the adored of the people, the friend and restorer of his king. Once more he was a figure in European history, the consort of emperors, the man whose slightest word could shake the money markets of the world. He saw all these things, as though for the last time, with strange, unreal vividness; once more their full glory warmed his blood and dazzled his eyes. Then a flash of memory, an effort of realization chilled him; his feet were upon the earth again, his head was heavy. That thick-set, motionless figure before him seemed like the incarnation of his despair.

"I shall appeal," he said hoarsely; "England is no friend of ours."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"England is tolerant at least," he said, "and she has sheltered us."

"I shall appeal," Mr. Sabin repeated.

The man shook his head.

"It is the order of the High Council," he said; "there is no appeal."

"It is my life's work," Mr. Sabin faltered.

"Your life's work," the man said slowly, "should be with us."

"God knows why I ever——"

The man stretched out a white hand, which gleamed through the semi-darkness. Mr. Sabin stopped short.

"You very nearly," he said solemnly, "pronounced your own death-sentence. If you had finished what you were about to say, I could never have saved you. Be wise, friend. This is a disappointment to you; well, is not our life one long torturing disappointment? What of us, indeed? We are like the waves which beat ceaselessly against the sea-shore, what we gain one day we lose the next. It is fate, it is life! Once more, friend, remember! Farewell!"

* * * * * * *

Mr. Sabin was left alone a marter to his thoughts. Already it was past the hour for Knigenstein's visit. Should he remain and brave the storm, or should he catch the boat-train from Charing Cross and hasten to hide himself in one of the most remote quarters of the civilized world? In any case it was a dreary outlook for him. Not only had this dearly cherished scheme of his come crashing about his head, but he had very seriously compromised himself with a great country. The Emperor's gracious letter was in his pocket—he smiled grimly to himself as he thought for a moment of the consternation of Berlin, and of Knigenstein's disgrace. And then the luxury of choice was suddenly denied him; he was brought back to the present, and a sense of its paramount embarrassments by a pealing ring at the bell, and the trampling of horse's feet in the street. He had no time to rescind his previous instructions to Foo Cha before Knigenstein himself, wrapped in a great sealskin coat, and muffled up to the chin with a silk handkerchief, was shown into the room.

The Ambassador's usually phlegmatic face bore traces of some anxiety. Behind his spectacles his eyes glittered nervously; he grasped Mr. Sabin's hand with unwonted cordiality, and was evidently much relieved to have found him.

"My dear Sonspennier," he said, "this is a great occasion. I am a little late, but, as you imagine, I am overwhelmed with work of the utmost importance. You have finished now, I hope. You are ready for me?"

"I am as ready for you," Mr. Sabin said grimly, "as I ever shall be!"

"What do you mean?" Knigenstein asked sharply. "Don't tell me that anything has gone amiss! I am a ruined man, unless you carry out your covenant to the letter. I have pledged my word upon your honor."

"Then I am afraid," Mr. Sabin said, "that we are both of us in a very tight place! I am bound hand and foot. There," he cried, pointing to the grate, half choked with a pile of quivering grey ashes, "lies the work of seven years of my life—seven years of intrigue, of calculation, of unceasing toil. By this time all my American inventions, which would have paralyzed Europe, are blown sky high! That is the position, Knigenstein; we are undone!"

Knigenstein was shaking like a child; he laid his hand upon Mr. Sabin's arm, and gripped it fiercely.

"Sonspennier," he said, "if you are speaking the truth I am ruined, and disgraced forever. The Emperor will never forgive me! I shall be dismissed and banished. I have pledged my word for yours; you cannot mean to play me false like this. If there is any personal favor or reward, which the Emperor can grant, it is yours—I will answer for it, I will answer for it, too, that war shall be declared against France within six months of the conclusion of peace with England. Come, say that you have been jesting. Good God! man, you are torturing me. Why, have you seen the papers tonight? The Emperor has been hasty, I own, but he has already struck the first blow. War is as good as declared. I am waiting for my papers every hour!"

"I cannot help it," Mr. Sabin said doggedly. "The thing is at an end. To give up all the fruits of my work—the labor of the best years of my life—is as bitter to me as your dilemma is to you! But it is inevitable! Be a man, Knigenstein, put the best face on it you can."

The utter impotence of all that he could say was suddenly revealed to Knigenstein in Mr. Sabin's set face and hopeless words. His tone of entreaty changed to one of angery; the veins on his forehead stood out like knotted string, his mouth twitched as he spoke, he could not control himself.

"You have made up your mind," he cried. "Very well! Russia has bought you, very well! If Lobenski has bribed you with all the gold in Christendom you shall never enjoy it! You shall not live a year! I swear it! You have insulted and wronged our country, our fatherland! Listen! A word shall be breathed in the ears of a handful of our officers. Where you go, they shall go; if you leave England you will be struck on the cheek in the first public place at which you show yourself. If one falls, there are others—hundreds, thousands, an army! Oh! you shall not escape, my friend. But if ever you dared to set foot in Germany——"

"I can assure you," Mr. Sabin interrupted, "that I shall take particular care never to visit your delightful country. Elsewhere, I think I can take care of myself. But listen, Knighenstein, all your talk about Russia and playing you false is absurd. If I had wished to deal with Lobenski, I could have done so, instead of you. I have not even seen him. A greater hand than his has stopped me, a greater even than the hand of your Emperor!"

Knigenstein looked at him as one looks at a madman.

"There is no greater hand on earth," he said, "than the hand of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany."

Mr. Sabin smiled.

"You are a German," he said, "and you know little of these things, yet you call yourself a diplomatist, and I suppose you have some knowledge of what this means."

He lifted the lamp from the table and walked to the wall opposite to the door. Knigenstein followed him closely. Before them, high up as the fingers of a man could reach, was a small, irregular red patch—something between a cross and a star. Mr. Sabin held the lamp high over his head and pointed to the mark.

"Do you know what that means?" he asked.

The man by his side groaned.

"Yes," he answered, with a gesture of abject despair, "I know."

Mr. Sabin walked back to the table and set down the lamp.

"You know now," he said coolly, "who has intervened."

"If I had any idea," Knigenstein said, "that you were one of them I should not have treated with you."

"It was many years ago," Mr. Sabin said with a sigh. "My father was half a Russian, you know. It served my purpose whilst I was envoy at Teheran; since then I had lost sight of them; I thought that they too had lost sight of me. I was mistaken—only an hour ago I was visited by a chief official. They knew everything, they forbade everything. As a matter of fact they have saved England."

"And ruined us," Knigenstein groaned. "I must go and telegraph. But Sonspenier, one word.

Mr. Sabin looked up.

"You are a brave man and a patriot; you want to see your country free. Well, why not free indeed? You and I are philosophers, we know that life after all is an uncertain thing. Hold to your bargain with us. It will be to your death, I do not deny that. But I will pledge the honor of my country, I will give you the holy word of the emperor, that we will faithfully carry out our part of the contract, and the whole glory shall be yours. You will be immortalized; you will win fame that shall be deathless. Your name will be enshrined in the heart of your country's history."

Mr. Sabin shook his head slowly.

"My dear Knigenstein," he said, "pray don't misunderstand me. I do not cast the slightest reflection upon your emperor or your honor. But if ever there was a country which required watching, it is yours. I could not carry your pledges with me into oblivion, and there is no one to whom I could leave the legacy. That being the case, I think that I prefer to live."

Knigenstein buttoned up his coat and sighed.

"I am a ruined man, Sonspennier," he said, "but I bear you no malice. Let me leave you a little word of warning, though. The Nihilists are not the only people in the world who have the courage and the wit to avenge themselves. Farewell!"

Mr. Sabin broke into a queer little laugh as he listened to his guest's departing footsteps. Then he lit a cigarette, and called to Foo Cha for some coffee.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

When Wolfenden opened his paper on Saturday morning, London had already drawn a great breath, partly of relief partly of surprise, for the black headlines which topped the columns of the papers, the placards in the streets, and the cry of the newsboys, all declared a most remarkable change in the political situation.

"THE GERMAN EMPEROR EXPLAINS!
THERE WILL BE NO WAR!
German Consul Ordered Home!
No Rupture!"

Wolfenden, in common with most of his fellow countrymen, could scarcely believe his eyes; yet there it was in plain black and white. The dogs of war had been called back. Germany was climbing down—not with dignity; she had gone too far for that—but with a scuffle. Wolfenden read the paper through before he even thought of his letters. Then he began to open them slowly. The first was from his mother. The admiral was distinctly better; the doctors were more hopeful. He turned to the next one; it was in a delicate, foreign handwriting, and exhaled a faint perfume which seemed vaguely familiar to him. He opened it and his heart stood still.

"14, Grosvenor Square,
"London, W.

"Will you come and see me today about four o'clock?
Helene."

He looked at his watch—four o'clock seemed a very long way off. He decided that he would go out and find Felix; but almost immediately the door was opened and that very person was shown in.

Felix was radiant; he appeared to have grown years younger. He was immaculately dressed, and he wore an exquisite orchid in his buttonhole.

Wolfenden greeted him warmly.

"Have you seen the paper?" he asked. "Do you know the news?"

Felix laughed.

"Of course! You may not believe it, but it is true that I am the person who has saved your country! And I am quits at last with Herbert de la Meux, Duc de Sonspennier!"

"Meaning, I suppose, the person whom we have been accustomed to call—Mr. Sabin?" Wolfenden remarked.

"Exactly!"

Wolfenden pushed an easy chair towards his visitor and produced some cigarettes.

"I must say," he continued, "that I should exceedingly like to know how the thing was done."

Felix smiled.

"That, my dear friend," he said, "you will never know. No one will ever know the cause of Germany's suddenly belligerent attitude, and her equally speedy climb-down! There are many pages of diplomatic history which the world will never read, and this is one of them. Come and lunch with me, Lord Wolfenden. My vow is paid and without bloodshed. I am a free man, and my promotion is assured. Today is the happiest of my life!"

Wolfenden smiled and looked at the letter on the table before him; might it not also be the happiest day of his own life!

* * * * * * *

And it was! Punctually at four o'clock he presented himself at Grosvenor Square and was ushered into one of the smaller reception rooms. Helene came to him at once, a smile half-shy, half-apologetic upon her lips. He was conscious from the moment of her entrance of a change in her department towards him. She held in her hand a small locket.

"I wanted to ask you, Lord Wolfenden," she said, drawing her fingers slowly away from his lingering clasp, "does this locket belong to you?"

He glanced at it and shook his head at once.

"I never saw it before in my life," he declared. "I do not wear a watch chain, and I don't possess anything of that sort."

She threw it contemptuously away from her into the grate.

"A woman lied to me about it," she said slowly. "I am ashamed of myself that I should have listened to her, even for a second. I chanced to look at it last night, and it suddenly occurred to me where I had seen it. It was on a man's watch-chain, but not on yours."

"Surely," he said, "it belongs to Mr. Sabin?"

She nodded and held out both her hands.

"Will you forgive me?" she begged softly, "and—and—I think—I promised to send for you?"

* * * * * * *

They had been together for nearly an hour when the door opened abruptly, and the young man whom Wolfenden had seen with Helene in the barouche entered the room. He stared in amazement at her, and rudely at Wolfenden. Helene rose and turned to him with a smile.

"Henri," she said, "let me present to you the English gentleman whom I am going to marry. Prince Henri of Ortrens—Lord Wolfenden."

The young man barely returned Wolfenden's salute. He turned with flashing eyes to Helene and muttered a few hasty words in French—

"A kingdom and my betrothed in one day! It is too much! We will see!"

He left the room hurriedly. Helene laughed.

"He has gone to find the Duchess," she said, "and there will be a scene! Let us go out in the Park."

They walked about under the trees; suddenly they came face to face with Mr. Sabin. He was looking a little worn, but he was as carefully dressed as usual, and he welcomed them with a smile and an utter absence of any embarrassment.

"So soon!" he remarked pleasantly. "You Englishmen are as prompt in love as you are in war, Lord Wolfenden! It is an admirable trait."

Helene laid her hand upon his arm.

"Yes, it was no fancy; his hair was grayer, and heavy lines furrowed his brow.

"Uncle," she said, "believe me that I am sorry for you, though for myself—I am glad!"

"The Bourbon blood runs very slowly in your veins, child," he said. "After all I begin to doubt whether you would have made a queen! As for myself—well, I am resigned. I am going to Pau, to play golf!"

"For how long, I wonder," she said smiling, "will you be able to content yourself there?"

"For a month or two," he answered; "until I have lost the taste of defeat. Then I have plans—but never mind; I will tell you later on. You will all hear of me again! So far as you two are concerned at any rate," he added, "I have no need to reproach myself. My failure seems to have brought you happiness."

He passed on, and they both watched his slim figure lost in the throng of passers-by.

"He is a great man," she murmured. "He knows how to bear defeat."

"He is a great man," Wolfenden answered; "but none the less I am not sorry to see the last of Mr. Sabin!"

(To be Continued.)

My Girl

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

What Jimmy said to me at the picnic about having a kodak to take a picture of My Girl and Little Son gave me an idea. My Girl hasn't had her photograph taken since we've been married. I can't see that she's changed much, except to grow prettier, if that's possible, but since we have Little Son I want a family group with me left out. I want a large picture to hang on the wall in our parlor, in a neat but not gaudy frame, and a little one to put in my watch.

My Girl laughed when I proposed the scheme. She said it would be nice to have Little Son's photograph, but she thought we better cut down expenses and leave her out, so long as I wouldn't be in the party.

"I don't want to spoil the picture," I protested. "Now can you, even with your blind partiality, say I'm beautiful?" I asked her, striking an attitude.

She looked me over with a critical eye.

"Oh, you're not so bad," she answered, pretending to be indifferent.

I felt disappointed. I had a sneaking idea she'd say something complimentary and that's what I wanted. Pretty soon she did. She must have read my thoughts as she most generally knows what I'm thinking, whether I say it or not.

"Let me take another look," she said. I let her.

Her eyes were full of fun, but she kept her face as solemn as an owl's while she put me on parade. It took her so long I was getting nervous, but at last she spoke.

"Teddy," she began, "I think you're lovely. How did I happen to get anything half so handsome as you?"

Then we both laughed and I felt better, because her eyes showed she really liked my looks. It does a man good to get a little home appreciation once in a while, and My Girl is never backward in coming forward in that respect.

I kept on insisting that she should be in the picture with Little Son and finally she said she would—just to please me—so we settled it that way and I was to make the engagement with the photographer.

Talking of photographs so much reminded me of a package of old-timers I had put away somewhere. I hadn't thought to show them to My Girl so I knew she had never seen them, for she would not dream of examining my belongings without speaking to me first. She's that kind of a girl. I hunted around among the relics and brought them out, and Little Son being safely asleep, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. They were done up in paper that had once been white, but time had yellowed it and the pink ribbon with which it was tied was soiled and faded. Honestly, when I saw that package, I got a shock. It looked for all the world like a sentimental girl's goodbye-to-love-forever. I don't know where I got that pink ribbon, but there it was, and when My Girl saw it she began to giggle and said, "Here is a cemetery of buried hopes and joys. Did it hurt you much, Teddy?"

I smiled a feeble, sickly sort of a smile. Really I didn't quite know whose pictures were in that collection. Of course I'd been introduced to other girls before I met My Girl, but she's the last and best.

As it happened, my photograph, taken when I was a baldheaded infant was the first to come out. You would have thought it was a gold mine when My Girl saw it.

"Teddy!" she exclaimed, "why didn't you give this to me before? It's too dear for words. Isn't um sweet," she chirped, snuggling it up to her cheek. Then she held the little shabby card away from her and gazed and gazed. "You look just as Little Son does now, only—" she hesitated as if afraid of hurting my feelings—"don't you think he has a little, just a little mite more hair?" She said this very gently.

"Oh, yes," I told her cheerfully, "but mine grew, maybe his will fall out."

"The idea," returned My Girl; "the very idea!"

She put the picture down carefully and lifted out the next. It was a photograph of my father and mother taken together when they were first married.

"How sweet your mother was, she must have been a pretty woman; and your father is very nice looking, too. Their faces show they were happy," My Girl said, poring over the photograph. "Poor Teddy," she went on, laying her soft hand on my hair, "they died when you were a little bit of a fellow, didn't they?"

"Yes," I told her. "I can't remember them at all. You see I was so young I didn't realize what I had lost."

My Girl seemed thoughtful.

"I can't remember my father and mother either; they went away so long ago," she sighed.

She thought some more for a minute, and then she said: "Teddy, suppose that we—suppose that Little Son should be left alone——"

She stopped speaking, and I saw the tears in her eyes.

"Now, My Girl," I consoled, "chirk up and don't be foolish. Look at us how strong and well we are, does it seem as though we would fade away very soon?"

"I don't know," answered My Girl, still worried and thoughtful. "I don't know."

I put my arm around her waist and walked her to a mirror where she could see there was no immediate danger of our being cut off in the bloom of our youth.

"Look at that, and cheer up, My Girl," I advised, and My Girl looked and smiled at what she saw. Then she cheered right up and got the sunshine back in her face again.

"Show me some more pictures," she asked, when her scare was over.

She'd been into the bedroom to make sure that Little Son had neither absconded nor escaped, so everything was propitious for the next chapter.

Photographs of several fellows I used to know came out of the bunch next. My Girl was interested because they were friends of mine, and she made me tell her everything I could think to tell about them.

"What a lot of good friends you've had, Teddy," she observed, when I had told all I knew, and she said it in such an admiring way I began to have a large and joyous opinion of myself.

"Oh, there wasn't such an awful lot," I answered, modestly.

"Yes, there was, Teddy, yes, there was," My Girl insisted, "and you deserved them."

We filed those away and that left only one more. With the first glance I gave it, I knew it was the fatal card. It was the photograph of a girl I once thought was the sun, moon, stars and all the earth, and then, pretty soon, I changed my mind. I don't know how her picture got put away with the rest, but there she was and My Girl had her.

"Who's the pretty lady, Teddy?" she asked, looking at the picture long and hard.

"Oh, just a girl I used to know," I told her in an offhand way.

"She has a real pretty face and she looks like a real nice girl," she commented graciously.

"Oh, she was," I returned, with more enthusiasm than was strictly necessary, and with more than I felt. You see, I had forgotten to mention her to My Girl and I wasn't sure how she'd take it, having the news broken without warning. You never can tell what these girls are going to do, and even My Girl gets quirky sometimes, but it doesn't last.

She laid the picture down with an air of having finished with it. Thinks I it's all over and nothing has happened. I chirked up and then My Girl made a quick change and went back to the picture.

"Were you very fond of her, Teddy?" she questioned.

"I liked her pretty well," I said, beginning to whistle a tuneless tune.

"Oh, you did!" My Girl observed, reflectively.

I don't know why I couldn't have come out and told all without any evasion, because there was mighty little to be told, but instead I got red in the face and wriggled all over my chair, acting guilty.

"Did you know her when you knew me?" was My Girl's next question.

"Well, I should say not," I declared emphatically. "Her date was years and years ago."

"Years and years ago you would have been very, very young," My Girl returned, loftily. "What was her name?"

I opened my mouth to speak it, but the name wouldn't come. I had forgotten it completely.

"I don't know," I finally confessed like an idiot.

"I don't believe you," My Girl said, look a scornful.

Just then Little Son woke up and called for help. My Girl walked off with her head high and perky, and I went out on the front porch and sat down mad as fury, and feeling misery.

"I never knew My Girl to be unreasonable before," I was thinking; "now what's the use of getting excited over nothing? I couldn't even remember the other girl's name and I'd forgotten her for years. Well," I decided, "a man better give up trying to understand a woman. Every one is worse than a Chinese puzzle."

Those were my happy thoughts.

I could hear My Girl singing around the house, but it was the kind of singing she does when she's having trouble with her mind, and I didn't like her manner. She kept on singing and talking to Little Son and presently I heard her voice growing chirkier and chirkier until it sounded like the birds in the morning, and I began to feel that way myself.

"Teddy," she called, "just as I was ready to go into the house and embrace my family, "what did you say her name was?"

My heart dropped four feet. "There," I thought, "it's coming again."

Then she came to the door and I saw the mischief in her eyes and the smile on her lips. I got encouraged.

"I don't know, and I don't care," I answered recklessly. "Let's tear her up."

"Oh, no!" said My Girl; "let's keep her as an awful warning against jealousy.

I had to laugh and so did My Girl. The jar was over and nothing broken, but it was sad while it lasted.

Those photographs are taken and you should see them. There's one for the parlor—a big one, and one for my watch—a little one, and that I like the best, for now I have Little Son and My Girl always with me, and they're mine, all mine."

MUNICIPAL BONDS

NETTING FIVE PER CENT

The Security Savings Bank & Trust Company, Toledo, Ohio, offers subject to prior sale, a limited amount of high grade bonds in denominations of $500.00 each, secured by an absolute first lien on 16,000 acres of excellent farm land.

Legality of issue approved by Judge Chas. B. Wood, Chicago, Ill., the foremost western authority on the laws relating to the issuance of bonds.

Description of issue and full information sent on request.
Price to net the investor Five per cent.

BOND DEPARTMENT

THE SECURITY SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO.,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

A CLEAN MAN.

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues and fibers in every organ of the body. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh. It doesn't make the flabby fat of corpulency, but the firm flesh of health. It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol to inebriate or create craving for injurious stimulants.

Mr. John L. Coughenour, of Glen Savage, Somerset Co., Pa., writes: "My appetite was unusually poor, and I was as weak and nervous as though I had been starved for months. My heart kept throbbing continually and I was short of breath. Finally I wrote to you for advice and you informed me that I had indigestion and a torpid liver. I did not think your diagnosis was right, but I ordered six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from you and began its use. After using three bottles I began to improve slowly and soon went to work, and I have been working ever since."

Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe.

Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

Have a calf one month old which has lost the hair off its belly and hind legs. It licks itself as though it itches. Would be pleased to have someone tell me what the disease is and give a remedy. —B., Czar, W. Va.

I have a mule, a male, that was one year old last May. It seemed to do well until weaning time, when it began to lose flesh. It has long hair and does not shed. It is very large for its age. I wish some reader of Farmstead would tell me what is the matter.—H., Neola, Tenn.

I would like to learn, through the Farmstead, the best time to take up peonies for transplanting. Should they be taken up in the spring or fall?—H., Battle Creek, Mich.

I have lost a valuable mare, but am curious to know what caused her death. Took her from the pasture where she had been running and gave her a feed of corn. She began to cough but soon reared and turned a complete somersault. After lying a few minutes she got up and walked about 50 yards and repeated the performance a second and a third time and died within 15 minutes. She was greatly bloated. Can any of the Farmstead readers diagnose the case?—L., Lavolette, W. Va.

Treatment for Chigger Bites.

Editor Farmstead: The best remedy I ever used for chigger bites was the rind of either bacon or ham. Take a piece two or three inches square, rub the affected parts with the greasy side at time of retiring. It is a sure cure.—B., Guthrie, Okla.

Ringbone.

Before the bony growth of the "ringbone" has commenced the inflammatory process may be stopped by the use of cold baths and wet bandages, followed by one or more blisters. If the bony deposits have begun the firing iron should always be used. If the bony deposits have not begun the application of red iodide of mercury should be used. Where the lower joint is involved, or where the tumor interferes with the action of the tendons, of course recovery is not to be expected. In many of these latter cases the animal may be made serviceable by proper shoeing. If the patient walks with the toe on the ground the foot should be shod with a high-heeled shoe and a short toe. If he walks on the heel a thick-toed and thin-heeled shoe should be worn.—M., Clinton, Ia.

Chicken Diseases.

Miller Purvis, a national authority on poultry, says: "The truth is that this matter of disease among fowls is one on which we have very little information. We learned a good many years ago that disease is about the most unnecessary thing ever found in a poultry yard. Except a stray case of roup, we have not had a sick hen in ten years where the trouble could not be traced directly to some carelessness in care or feeding, and usually roup is distinctly traceable to carelessness. Roup, gapes, cholera, indigestion and apoplexy are about the only diseases that poultry keepers must contend with. Gapes indicate the presence of a parasite which no foresight could have prevented, but once its presence is known it may be circumvented by keeping the chicks off the grass when it is wet with rain or dew.

"Every other affliction named above may be prevented by using proper care in feeding and housing. Feed only good, sound feed, in such quantities as will be eaten clean between every feed. Keep the houses clean, light and warm in winter and clean, dimly lighted and as cool as possible in summer. If these simple things are done, disease will never get hold of the average flock, unless cholera is brought into the flock by direct infection, a thing which is always easily preventable. Feeding medicine to a flock of hens usually means that they will stop laying at once and not begin again until they recover from the effects of the medicine."

Care of Manure.

During the warm season, when the farmer is too busy with his crops to care for the manure heap, loss occurs more readily than in winter. Rains wash away the richest portions of the manure if it is exposed, while the summer heat may cause rapid fermentation and the nitrogen escape in the form of ammonia. The proper course to pursue is to keep all the manure under shelter and have the bedding, or other absorbent materials, in fine condition, in order that the liquid portions may be absorbed. Should heat occur, force a crowbar into the heap in several places and pour cold water into the manure. The closer the manure is packed the less liability of the manure becoming overheated.

Things Worth While.

Grass crops are always valuable to the farmer, irrespective of market prices, because they are the most useful crops grown on the farm. Hay will bring good prices if used for producing the best quality of milk, butter and meat, and no farm is complete that does not produce grass.

The potato plant requires the larger proportion of the necessary potash in its early stages. The reason is that it is the top that makes the heaviest demand for potash and needs it at the start. If potash is applied late during the growth of plants much of it will be unserviceable for the crop.

Some of the weeds that cover the fields will be eaten off by the sheep if the animals are given an opportunity to destroy them. Put the sheep at work at this season and they will destroy many weed pests.

After the strawberry crop is picked use the lawn mower over the bed, so as to cut down all the weeds. It will also be an advantage to cultivate well between the rows.

In many portions of Europe, where labor is plentiful and cheap, with the land closely occupied, the drilling of small grain is generally followed. They are drilled far enough apart so that the space between the drills may be hand-cultivated.

Sorghum grows rapidly, and will stand considerable drought. If sown in rows, so as to have the stalks come up about an inch apart in the rows, it will make tender stalks, and will be eaten readily by cattle. As it may be cut at any time before the seed stage is reached, it will be found an excellent addition to the green food if the pasture is thin.

Diseases of Sheep.

A sheep is peculiar in respect to eating and retaining the brightness of the eye, while it is gradually wasting by sickness until it dies at the feed trough. When a sheep loses flesh and becomes very thin without exhibiting any other marked symptoms of disease it is probable that it is suffering from tuberculosis of the intestines. If the skin is pale and the eye is unusually bright this is still more probable. If the eyes are yellowish and the skin of a yellowish caste the disease is in the liver. If the dung is soft and of a fetid odor the digestive organs are involved. If the urine is thick or of an unusual appearance or odor disease of the kidneys or of the liver may be suspected. All these disorders may be accompanied by a loss of flesh and a gradual wasting.

Onion Growing.

The custom of breaking down the leaves and seed stems of onions is to prevent the exhaustion of the bulb by the formation of the seed. Some growers do this as soon as the leaves are full grown by twisting and bending them down, as the bulb is not the root, but the enlarged stem of the plant. This concentrates the force of the plant into the bulb or stem, and so produces a vigorous growth. The practice may be a question of effect, so far as this view is concerned, but would certainly be useful in case a seed stalk was forming, as the production of seed would weaken the bulb. The breaking down is done when the bulb is well formed and the leaves fully grown.

Poison in Eggs.

"Eggs may be poisonous even before they are laid," is the statement made by Prof. Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute in the witness box. The whites may contain disease-breeding microbes. These, when heated, survive in a vegetable state up to 99 degrees centrigrade, or 140 degrees Fahrenheit. Consequently a raw or even partly cooked egg, however fresh, may always be poisonous, owing to the possible presence of lively bacilli in the white, and contained therein from the very beginning. The professor's evidence, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, was given in a case before the first chamber, in which a pastry cook is being sued by 25 persons who had been made very ill by eating some of his cream tarts and by the heirs of a twenty-sixth who died of it. Official experts, supported by M. Metchnikoff, stated at the first hearing of the case that it is utterly impossible ever to make sure that whipped cream containing white of egg unboiled shall be innocuous, however fresh the egg, for the above reasons.

Corn as Hog Food.

In an experiment with corn a farmer put three hogs in separate pens. One ate 34½ bushels of corn on the ear in nine days, and gained 19 pounds. The second ate, in the same time, 13½ bushels of corn, coarsely ground, and gained

Question Bureau

RULES.—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Homesteads for Soldiers.

Editor Blade: Will you kindly give an old soldier of the civil war information in regard to free lands for those who served in the late rebellion? What are the requirements?—J. R., Toledo, O.

Any officer, soldier, seaman or marine who has served not less than ninety days in the army or navy of the United States during the rebellion, and who was honorably discharged and remained loyal to the government and who makes a homestead entry of 160 acres or less of any land subject to such entry, is entitled, under Section 2305 of the Revised Statutes, to have the term of his service in the army or navy, not exceeding four years, deducted from the period of five years' residence required by law. No patent can issue to any homestead settler who has not resided upon, improved, and cultivated his homstead for a period of at least one year after he commenced his improvements. Address the Interior Department, Washington, D. C., for further information.

Greenbacks in War Times.

Editor Question Bureau: During the civil war it took $2 to $2.85 in greenbacks to purchase one dollar in gold. Was this on account of the advance in the value of gold, or was it out of fear of the termination of the war that caused the greenback to depreciate in value? By answering this question you will end a controversy in this town.—S. S. S., Noweaqua, Ill.

The greenback was issued to meet an exigency of the war. The act authorizing its issue was signed by President Lincoln, February 25, 1862. It was the first time anything but coin had been made legal tender in the United States. Two other issues were authorized and January 3, 1864, the amount of circulating greenbacks reached $449,338,902. The great inflation, the uncertain fortunes of war, and the belief that even if victorious the United States neither could nor would pay its enormous debts at face value, but would repudiate or scale it, combined to depreciate the value of the notes. Throughout 1864 they were worth on an average of only about 45 cents on the dollar, and on one day, July 11, when Early was threatening Washington, they dropped in panic to about 35 cents; the "premium on gold," as it was expressed at the time, being 285.

Mexico—Education and Religion.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell what you can about the education and religion of Mexico?—P. W. P., Leslie, Mich.

The educational system of Mexico has been practically created within a quarter of a century, since President Diaz's accession. There is a great nonsectarian public school system, supported by the national and state governments; primary education is nearly everywhere compulsory. The schools are divided into primary elementary, primary superior, and preparatory (professional and technical); the latter, for higher education, are found in the leading cities. In the federal district and the territories, the system is under the direct control of the executive. Churches and private associations also support many schools. The federal government likewise supports normal schools, schools of jurisprudence, commerce and administration, agriculture, veterinary, science, fine arts, and arts and trades for both sexes; a national conservatory of music, schools for the blind and mutes, reform schools, besides museums and 17 libraries, the largest with over 150,000 volumes. There were over 12,500 schools in 1902, about half of them government schools, the latter having some 16,000 teachers and 700,000 pupils enrolled. Of the adults about half can read and write, and three or four hundred thousand more can read. All but a small fraction of the people of Mexico are Roman Catholics. There are about 50,000 Protestants and a few Mormons.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

Editor Bureau: Will you kindly give a sketch of J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist?—R. G. M., Point Washington, Fla.

James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789. In the year following his birth his father removed to central New York, to a region that was then a wilderness, near Otsego lake, on the shore of which he had already fixed the site of the village of Cooperstown. Here he built the mansion called Otsego Hall, which his son acquired in after years, and in which he wrote the greater number of his works. At the age of 13 young Cooper entered Yale college, but left the course half finished. In 1806 he went to sea as a merchantman, and served in the navy of the United States from 1808 till 1811, when he was married. For the next nine years he was engaged principally in the management and improvement of his farm possessions, first near Cooperstown, then in Westchester. Up to this time, at the age of 30, Cooper had discovered in himself no tendency toward literature. Chancing to read a book of fiction that aroused his dislike, he professed himself able to produce a better, and being held half jocularly to the task, he went to work and wrote "Precaution," published in 1820. It was an indifferent novel, but was praised by friends, and Cooper was induced to give himself to authorship. During the next year "The Spy" appeared, and it won immediate popularity both in England and America. In "The Spy" Cooper displayed his knowledge of colonial and pioneer life. His next work, "The Pioneers," concerned itself with the life and folk of the wilderness about Cooperstown, which was introduced under the name of Templeton, as the center of action. In "The Pilot" he made use of his knowledge of seafaring, and created a new literature of the sea. In another year "Lionel Lincoln," an unpopular story, was written. It was a story of Boston and the Revolution. In 1826 "The Last of the Mohicans" appeared. This book reached immediate fame. Following this Cooper spent seven years in Europe, during which time he continued his authorship. A number of books was the result. He returned to America at the close of 1833. He found a crudeness of taste and a pronounced greed for wealth, and he became lavish in his criticisms of conditions. He had already gained unpopularity abroad, but he now became more unpopular at home. In 1835 he published a satirical novel, and during the three years following published "Sketches of Switzerland" and "Gleanings in Europe," in which he gave his impressions of the Swiss, the French, the English and the Italians, mingling his strictures on foreign and domestic faults. These reaped for him another harvest of bitterness and abuse. A dispute with the people of Cooperstown over his rights in Myrtle Grove, on Otsego lake, made matters worse. The press of the state took sides against him, misrepresenting his motives and spirit in the case. Relief was at last secured from that sort of persecution, and Cooper persued the chief offenders for libel and won his suits. He continued to write, producing a number of books. Among them was "The History of the Navy of the United States." This was received with fresh abuse from the press. The resulting trouble was settled by a board of arbitration in Cooper's favor. Beginning with 1840 still more books followed, some of them most notable of all for the powers of description displayed. Cooper died September 14, 1851, at Cooperstown. He was of a social temper until opposition withdrew him from society. His judgments, except in matters of tact and policy, were generally sound.

Liquor Licenses.

Editor Question Bureau: There has been much controversy here of late as to who issues licenses to sell whisky. Some claim that only the state and corporations issue them, and others, that besides these, a United State government license must be obtained. Please give us the facts in the case.—C. S. M., Beallsville, O.

Before a person can legally sell intoxicating liquors in the state of Ohio he must pay his Dow tax to the treasurer of the county in which he desires to do business, and also his internal revenue tax or license. In the former case he deals directly with the county treasurer, and in the latter with the United States government. No licenses are issued by corporated villages or municipalities. If a person sells intoxicating liquors without government license he can be punished for violation of the internal revenue laws. If a local option ordinance is in force in a village a violation of the ordinance may be punished by the proper village authorities.

Bird's-eye Maple.

Editor Question Bureau: What is bird's-eye maple? Where did it get its name? Does it grow naturally?—W. J. K., Mannington, W. Va.

Bird's-eye maple is the wood of the sugar maple when full of little knotty spots somewhat resembling a bird's-eye. The sugar maple is the best known, most widely planted and otehrwise the most important species of maple in the United States. It is especially characteristic of rich woods from Maine to Michigan, and southward in the mountains to Georgia, everywhere being noted for the surpassing splendor of its leaves in autumn. It has a round leaf and gray bark and grows to heights of 120 feet. The bird's-eye feature of the wood of the maple makes it in demand for fine ornamental work.

Lot's Wife as a "Pillar."

Editor Question Bureau: Is Lot's wife still standing where she was when she looked back at Sodom and turned to a pillar of salt? I have heard it said that she still stands there.—D. F. T., Marshville, N. C.

As the ages have rolled round since Lot's wife was transformed into a "pillar of salt" people have not shown perfect satisfaction with the story; they do not want to leave it where it ended. Instead they have insisted on identifying the "pillar" with some one of the fleeting forms which the perishable rock of the south end of the Dead Sea is constantly assuming in its process of decomposition and liquefaction. One of these "pillars," on a height near the Dead Sea, is still called "Lot's wife," but when we consider its height—about 40 feet—we have a right to question the appropriateness of the name.

Losses in Notable Battles.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please give the number of men killed and lost on both sides, union and confederates, in the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862; at Chancellorsville, May 1, 2 and 3, 1863; at Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863; at Bull Run, in both battles.—N. P., Cumback, Indiana.

The union losses at Antietam were 12,459; 2,010 killed, 9,446 wounded and 1,003 missing. More men were killed on this one day than on any other of the civil war. The confederate losses were never exactly known, but as 2,700 of their dead were counted and buried by the union forces, and many had previously been buried by their comrades, the total cannot have been less than the federal loss.

The union loss at Chancellorsville was 1,082 killed, 6,849 wounded and 4,214 missing. Including the losses at Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights and Salem Church, the union loss in the entire campaign, April 27 to May 5, was 1,606 killed, 9,762 wounded and 5,919 missing—an aggregate of 17,287. The confederate loss during the campaign was 1,665 killed, 9,081 wounded and 2,018 captured—a total of 12,764.

The union loss at Gettysburg was 3,072 killed, 14,497 wounded and 5,434 missing—an aggregate of 23,003. The confederate loss was 2,592 killed, 12,709 wounded and 5,150 missing—an aggregate of 20,451.

In the first battle of Bull Run the union loss reported was: Killed, 460; wounded, 1,124; missing, 1,312; total, 2,896. The confederate loss reported was: Killed, 387; wounded, 1,582; missing, 13; total, 1,982. In the campaign from August 16 to September 2, including the second battle of Bull Run, the union losses are given as 10,199 killed and wounded; 4,263 captured or missing. The confederate losses for the same period are not fully reported, but the best estimate placed them at about 8,000.

Source of the Mississippi.

Editor Question Bureau:—Some claim Lake Glazier is the source of the Mississippi river, others Itasca lake, and still others Elk lake. Which is correct?—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

The source of a river like the Mississippi, whose waters gather from the drainage of a large district, may be a subject for dispute, but it is reality of little consequence. Itasca lake is the reservoir of the Mississippi's farthest extension, and may be definitely regarded as its "source."

Significance of Crescent.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you tell us about the significance of the crescent on the Turkish flag? Is it an emblem used by all Mohammedan countries, or is its use confined to Turkey? Is it a religious emblem analagous to the cross in Christianity? Is it religious, military or political? How, where and when was it adopted?—E. E., Andover, N. Y.

Crescent is from the Latin "cresens," growing. The Egyptians and the Greeks decorated their moon-goddesses, Isis and Selene, with the crescent, which announced the returning light of the moon. The crescent was the ensign of the Romans, an emblem of the eternity of the empire. It was found on the medals of many cities, particularly of Byzantium, as capital of the eastern empire, whence it is supposed to have been borrowed by the Ottomans. Since their establishment in Europe it has been the universal emblem of their empire. During the crusades, particularly, the crescent was the distinguishing symbol of the Mussulmans, as the cross was of the Christians.

Ebb and Flow of Tides.

G. W., Hazleton, Ia.: The following facts, stated briefly, will answer your question: Tides are due to the attraction of the moon or sun. At the times of the new moon and the full moon the flood-tides rise higher, and the fall of the ebb tide is greater than at other times. The conformation of the coast greatly effects the tides. Near the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia, the tide rises 18 feet, while at its head it rises 70 feet; at St. Johns, N. B., 30 feet; at Campo Bello, Me., 25 feet; Eastport, Me., 15 feet; Boston, Mass., 10 feet; Providence, R. I., 5 fet; New York, 5 feet. The tides along the northern United States do not exceed 7 feet, and reach 7 only at Savannah, Ga. On the side the Gulf of Mexico is small, and also in the Pacific ocean. The tides in the Mediterranean are scarcely noticeable. None of the larger fresh water lakes have an appreciable tide.

Fogs and Clouds.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly explain the difference between a fog and a cloud?—A. B., Bridgeport, Wis.

Fog is a thick mist, small hollow vesicles of water suspended in the air. Fogs often arise when the air above is warm, moist soil is cooler than the air itself. The hot vapors from the ground are then condensed by coming in contact with the colder air above, as the warm steam of a kettle is by comparatively cold air of a room. The vapor in a hot and moist air current passing over a river causes a fog by coming in contact with the cold water. A fog remains close to the earth. Did it rise high above it would become a cloud, and, illuminated by the sun, would take on a varied hue. Clouds are masses of minature globules of water or crystals of ice and snow suspended in the atmosphere.

Embolism.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a full definition of the word embolism.—W. D. K., Tylersville, Pa.

There is more than one definition of embolism, and we cannot guess from your query as to which you refer. One meaning is the intercalation, or insertion of days, months or years in an account of time. The Greeks made use of the lunar year of 354 days, and to adjust it to the solar year of 365 days they added a lunar month every second or third year, which was called an intercalated month. In medicine embolism is the obstruction of a vessel by a clot of fibrin or other substance abnormally present and brought into the current of the circulating medium from some more or less distant locality.

Socialism in Russia.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give as full an account as space will permit of the origin, development and present status of socialism in Russia?—E. N., Rochester, Md.

The one important thing in the way of fully complying with your request is summed up in the word "secrecy." Russian socialists have not been shouting from-the housetops. It would be a dangerous thing for them to do, and necessarily there is little known of the movement. It has also been confused in the past with governmental reform movements upon the one hand, and conspiratory anarchist organizations upon the other. In 1898, however, a socialist party was organized, with an extremely active secret propaganda, and in spite of the fact that Russian conditions are peculiarly favorable to a conspiratory force movement and the anarchist philosophy, the result, as everywhere else, of the appearance of a socialist movement has been the decline of anarchist activity. The initiative of the party comes largely from the students of the Russian universities, although in late years there has been extensive movements of the laborers in industrial districts.

Artificial Ice.

Editor Question Bureau: Can you tell me how artificial ice is made?—H. M. P., Glover, Vt.

The manufacture of ice requires considerable capital for the purchase of machinery and apparatus. In the process the water is first boiled and then allowed to settle. It is then distilled, boiled again and run through three kinds of filters. Underneath the middle space of the freezing room is a series of tanks. These contain a strong solution of brine, and through it run scores of pipes which are charged with liquified ammonia gas. When this volatile chemical leaves the engineer-room it is in the form of a fluid, but in making its long journey along the pipes which thread their way through the brine it evaporates into gas. The evaporating process within absorbs so much heat from the surrounding mass of salt and water that the distilled water in the ice cans submerged in the brine is congealed into ice. Each can of distilled water remains in its cold bath about 48 hours. Then, by means of a traveling hoist the cans are raised from the tanks; the hoist, traveling forward, drops them for an instant in a well of hot water to loosen the contents, raises them to the floor, the cans are uncovered and overturned, and out of each slips a steaming cake of clear ice. The growth of ice manufacture has been great. There is to-day in the four establishments in the country; by the census of 1900 there were 787. The aggregate capital invested has increased from $434,000 to $38,204,034. Under exceptional conditions ice can be made at a cost as low as 50 cents per ton; but in other places it costs from 70 to 90 cents per ton. Under improved processes the cost has been lowered, so that artificial ice can now compete with the natural product.

Western Texas.

Editor Question Bureau: Western Texas seems to be thinly settled in comparison to the eastern section. There is no mountain division. How would you account for it?—U. B. V., Lompoc, Cal.

Texas is a mighty big state, as you know, of course, and with its vast area has a greatly diversified topography and climate. The larger part of the state belongs in the humid region, and is adapted to the cultivation of a wide variety of agricultural products. But there is an arid region in the west, belonging to the drainage basin of the Rio Grande and Pecos rivers, including the counties of Pecos, Crockett, El Paso, Jeff Davis, Brewster and Ward. The soil in this region is very fertile when sufficiently watered. There is irrigation in this valley, but it is of ancient origin and has improved little. Assuredly in the settlement of the state, the natural fertile regions would be the first to be settled.

Newspaper Postage.

Editor Question Bureau: If, after reading the papers and periodicals that are mailed to me, as a subscriber, I re-mail them to another person, what amount of postage am I required to pay?—J. A. S., Seven Mile, O.

The rate of postage on newspapers and periodical publications of the second class, when sent by other than the publisher or a news agent, to any place in the United States, its island possessions, Canada or Mexico, is one cent for each four ounces or fractional part thereof.

Andersonville Prison.

Editor Bureau: Will you give a short history of the Confederate prison at Andersonville, from time of its establishment to present time?—W. S., Ashton, Mich.

It is not a pleasant tale. November 26, 1863, Captain W. S. Winder established the Confederate states military prison at the village of Andersonville, in Sumpter county, Ga. The population of the neighborhood did not, at that time, exceed 20 persons. The site selected was a pine and oak grove of about 22 acres, on the side of a hill of red clay, 1,600 feet east of the railroad. Near the base of the declivity was a stream of unwholesome water about five feet wide and not more than six inches deep. The trees were cut down and the enclosure was surrounded by a strong stockade 15 or 18 feet high. It was originally a parallelogram 1,010 feet long by 779 feet wide, but in the summer of 1864 its length was increased to 1,210 feet. At the distance of 120 feet, surrounding the inner enclosure, was another palisade of rough pine logs, and between the two were sentry boxes overlooking the interior. A cordon of connected earthworks mounted with 17 guns, commanding the entire prison, surrounded the outer palisades. A wooden railing about three feet high around the inside of the stockade, and at an average distance of 19 feet from it, constituted the "dead line." prisoners passing which were summarily shot. The stream above mentioned passed from west to east through the enclosure, and furnished the only water for washing accessible to the prisoners. Many acres bordering the stream on either side were trodden by the feet of the prisoners into a deep and filthy mire. Deducting the quagmire thus formed, about 200 feet wide, and the space cut off by the "dead line," the remaining space before the enlargement comprised about 12 acres, giving to each prisoner, when the number reached 30,000, an average area of about 17 square feet. A small shed, covered, but not enclosed, furnished the only protection from the inclemency of the weather. A few wells were sunk in the prison, and there were also a few springs. A second enclosure, 925 feet long and 400 feet wide, similar to the prison, was built in June, 1864, for a hospital. With the exception of a few old tents, it contained nothing but long sheds made of poles, with roofs of pine boughs or planks, and without sides. The bakery was within the two lines of palisades, and the cook house was 200 yards outside. On the high land overlooking the prison were a two-story building for the Confederate officers and men and the huts for the guards, who numbered from 3,800 to 5,000. Near the railroad station a stockade measuring 195x108 feet was constructed, and for a while used as a prison for officers, but they were subsequently confined at Macon. Between the graveyard and the stockade stood a small hut in which nine bloodhounds were kept. The graveyard was situated about 200 yards northwest of the stockade. Trenches varying in length from 50 to 100 yards in length were dug and the bodies of the dead wereladi in rows of 100 to 300 and covered with earth. At the head of each body a wooden stake was planted by the federal soldiers detailed to bury the companions, and each stake bore a number corresponding with a similarly numbered name on the hospital record. The first detachment of federal prisoners was received at the prison Fbruary 15, 1864. The superintendence of the prison was assigned to Henry Wirz, who, in 1865, was tried for injuring the health and destroying the lives of the soldiers, was convicted and hanged. The total number received at the prison was 49,485; the largest number in prison at one time was 32,006; the total number of deaths as shown by the hospital records was 12,462; the total number of deaths in the hospital was 8,735; in the stockade, 3,727; percentage of death to whole number received, 26; average number of deaths for each of the 13 months, 958; greatest number of deaths in one day, August 22, 1864, 127; cases returned to hospital from the stockade, 3,469; total number of escapes, 328.

After the close of the war the cemetery was arranged. The stakes were removed and neat headboards inscribed in black letters, with the names of the dead, were substituted. The bodies in the trenches were found to be from two to three feet below the surface, and in some instances, where the rains had washed away the earth, but a few inches. They had been buried without coffins or the ordinary clothing, and not more than 12 inches in width had been allowed to each body. With the aid of the hospital record, 12,461 graves were identified and marked with tablets giving the number, name, rank, regiment, company and date of death of each person. Above all graves bore this inscription. "Unknown U. S. Soldier." The cemetery was carefully laid out in walks and is now adorned with trees.

Miscellaneous.

G. L. S., Hallsboro, Va.: The following rule of the postoffice department for the guidance of postmasters will answer your question: "Postage stamps are neither redeemable from purchasers nor exchangeable for those of other denominations or any other stamped paper."

D. P., Harlin, W. Va.: The list of all the rulers of the world is too large and not of sufficient general interest for us to print. Get a World's Almanac and you will have it.

J. H. H., Ghent, W. Va.: All important events of the Russo-Japanese war have been printed in the news columns of The Blade from week to week. Cannot review them in the Bureau.

W. T. D., Embreeville, Tenn.: Where trading stamps are used by merchants, they give so many with each purchase of goods. They are redeemable at the trading stamp supply house, and are paid for in goods. We cannot go into details.

C. T. S., Viola, Idaho: There is no certainty that the masses of iron brought by Lieut. Peary from Greenland is one of meteoric origin. There is no record of it having fallen from the sky.

A. M. L., Santa Maria, Cal.: We know nothing about the book. Write to some dealer.

W. E. R., Dundee, Mich.: Cannot give the sketch you want. "The Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock" is fiction.

H. P. B., Grand Meadow, Minn.: Any first-class college should be able to give you the information you want in regard to examinations for Rhodes scholarships. We cannot.

M. B. H., Wilding, W. Va.: It would be impossible to give you all the imports and exports of the United States. The Bureau has its limit of space.

F. H. B., Northriver Mills, W. Va.: Address the Interior Department, Washington, D. C.

G. W. W., Houston, Va.: We know nothing about Virginia laws, but the law of common sense would give a man the right to sell refreshments on his own grounds, or the privilege of granting the right to others, despite any privileges granted to others on adjoining grounds.

C. W., Linesville, Pa.: We would advise you to see a good physician.

E. S., Burlington, Pa.: The Bureau answers no questions about coins. See the rules.

L. A. M. G., Washington, D. C.: No list of the kind you request exists, to our knowledge.

P. C., Palmesville, O.: Your question is a legal one, and you should consult a lawyer. Our opinion would be that "B" has a right to the crop in dispute.

1CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

HOW JAPANESE SOLDIERS REJOICE AFTER VICTORY.

JAPANESE SOLDIERS DRESSED AS SAMURAI REJOICE IN HONOR OF FALLEN COMRADES

This procession, celebrated after one of the victories in Manchuria, reproduces the costumes of the Samurai, the two handed swordsmen of Japan. The ancient armor for the masquerade was improvised by the soldiers from any material they could find. The celebrations were joyful, for the lot of the fallen hero is accounted most enviable.

TAKES DOG UP A STEEPLE

Daring Climber Pays No Heed to Dizzy Height He Scales.

Accompanied by his pet dog, Fred Sutherland, better known as the "human fly," scales heights that would make the common person ill from fright and dizziness. A short time ago the authorities of Most Holy Trinity Catholic church, Sixth and Porter streets, decided their spire needed repairing and that the large wooden cross at the top needed to be replaced with a larger one of galvanized iron. Sutherland was sent for. The top of the spire is 240 feet above the sidewalk.

"I can go up it in two minutes," said he, and he very nearly made good his assertion. It was only when the cross, 4x6 feet, had to be lowered that any real danger presented itself. Being of wood and having been in position since the church was built, it had somewhat rotted, and, giving way, was near to throwing Sutherland from the steeple.

Sutherland is a Californian by birth, but has done steeple work in all parts of this country and Europe. Sutherland had his dog slung in a little hammock on his side while working at the top of Trinity spire. The dog has as little regard for height as his master.—Detroit Tribune.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

It is probably true that many of those who were among the most loyal and courageous defenders of the south are not aware of the origin of the Confederate uniform and flag. The designer of both the uniform and flag, according to his own statements, is Nicola Marschall, an artist, and today a resident of Louisville.

Mr. Marschall is a Prussian by birth and came to this country in 1849. He located in Marion, Ala., and there made the acquaintance of some of the oldest and most aristocratic of southern families. There he painted a number of portraits of prominent persons.

It was on a return trip to the country of his nativity that he chanced to see the uniform which afterward suggested itself to him when he was asked to design one for the Confederate army. At Verona he saw a fine body of soldiers dressed in gray, the green trimmings of their uniforms denoting that they were sharpshooters. Markings of other colors indicated other branches of the service.

On Mr. Marschall's return to this country and to Marion, Ala., he again took up his work of portrait painting. This was in 1859, and the story of how he came to make these designs of uniform and flag is best told in Mr. Marschall's own words, as follows:

"I returned to America in 1859 and again located in Marion. There I painted many portraits of the wealthy planters and members of their families, as well as of other prominent people of the south. Andrew Moore was then a judge at Marion. He afterward became war governor of Alabama, and was one of the most important men in those days in our part of the country.

"Mrs. Napoleon Lockett, a beautiful southern woman of an old Virginia family and wife of a wealthy planter, lived at Marion. Her eldest son married the eldest daughter of Gov. Moore and one of her younger sons married one of the younger daughters of Gov. Moore.

"Soon came the first notes of war. Mrs. Lockett was as loyal a daughter as the south had, and was much interested in its affairs then. She came to me one day and said: 'Mr. Marschall, we have decided, and the Confederate government wants a flag. Will you make us a design? It must not be too unlike the United States flag, but different enough to be distinguished at a distance.'

"At once I took pencil and paper, and made three different designs. The first was of two red stripes and one of white, with a blue field bearing seven white stars—indicating the number of states that had then seceded—in the upper left-hand corner. The second design was the same, except that the blue field with stars was at the extreme left of the white stripe, instead of the top red stripe. The third design had the two full red stripes at top and bottom, the white stripe in the middle with the blie field and white stars in the center."

It is a matter of historical fact that this first design, made by Mr. Marschall, was the flag adopted by the Confederate government. It is also well known to those familiar with southern history that this flag—the Stars and Bars—was placed on the staff above the capitol at Montgomery, Ala., on March 4, 1861, by Miss J. C. Tyler, of Virginia. She was a granddaughter of John Tyler, ex-President of the United States.

Continuing his interesting narrative, Mr. Marschall said: "Mrs. Lockett thanked me for the flag designs, and started to go. Then she came back, adding: 'We also want a design for a uniform, Mr. Marschall. Can't you suggest one?' The thought occurred to me of the gray uniforms I had seen worn by the Austrian sharpshooters. I took a piece of paper and made several rough sketches, indicating the gray color, and also the colors on the collars to denote the branch of the service—buff for officers, yellow for cavalry, blue for infantry, red for artillery, etc.

"It did not occur to me then that I had done anything worthy of note. I simply made the sketches at the request of Mrs. Lockett. I knew no more about them from then until I found that the uniform and one of the flags had been adopted by the Confederacy."

This is the story of how the gray of the Confederate army and the banner under which that army fought, were made—a story told by the one who conceived the plans. Not boastfully, but with a measure of pride does Mr. Marschall, when sought out, tell the story. He considers that he had done little in making the designs, but he is to this day proud that his were the ideas adopted for both the uniform and flag of the south.

Mr. Marschall saw active service during the war. At the conclusion of hostilities he returned to his art and came to Louisville to live. Many are the treasured portraits in halls and homes of the south today that stand as the product of his brush. Louisville became the home also of his adoption in 1873. On arriving here he located in the studio he occupies today, never in all that time having made a change.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE CONGO PIGMIES.

Colonel Harrison Will Take Six of the Little Forest Dwarfs to London.

Colonel J. J. Harrison, who has just returned to London after a four months' expedition to the Congo forest, has received permission from the British foreign office to ship for England six of the pigmy denizens of the forest, who have accompanied him of their own free will, and with the permission of the Congo government, as far as Cairo.

Naturally the adventurous explorer did not get into touch with this curious tribe without some interesting experiences, which he has related as follows:

"When once I had gained their confidence, they were quite friendly, and eventually six of them—four men and two women—volunteered to come with me to England. They freely conducted me to their little villages, and at night time erected leafy structures, under which I slept. They are of an extremely low order of intelligence, and know absolutely nothing of what goes on around them. They to seem to have no religious instincts, and possess no idea of a Supreme Being. Their average height is from four feet to four feet three and a half, and, curiously enough, as a rule the women are taller than the men. The women have also better physical development. The men seemed to me to be starved to death. A noteworthy fact was the prevalence of a terrible cough—due, perhaps, to the dampness of the atmosphere. All the pigmies alike suffered from this to such a degree that it was difficult to sleep at night. I had quite expected to find that serious lung trouble was prevalent, but was surprised to discover, as a result of medical examinations of the pigmies who accompanied me back to Egypt, that the lungs were quite healthy.

"Darkness was just setting in at the end of our first march in the forest when, during a terrific thunderstorm, we came upon a small clearing among the trees, and knew that a pigmy village was not far off. One of the party was dispatched into the neighboring bush to see the pigmies, and to tell them of our approach. The actual village was some distance from the clearing, the tiny huts being hidden away between the trees, sometimes in almost inaccessible places. It consisted of some dozen little leafed-in arbors seven feet in diameter, and less than four feet high at the highest point. In front of these burned a bright fire, while within each of the dwellings crouched from eight to ten of the pigmies. Later in the day, at my request, they came to my camp and danced. They are tremendous dancers, and they will perform for hours at a stretch without fatigue. Their movements are in perfect time, and by no means ungraceful. About a hundred form up a line and dance round a couple of native drums. These, and the shrill whistles which they employ when out hunting, appear to be their only musical instruments.

"On the first night only thirty-five came out to dance, all the women being kept in the huts, but on subsequent occasions I have had as many as a hundred performing before me. A striking characteristic of the people is their extraordinary silence; they will sit for hours without uttering a word. They are nomadic, and their only wealth is in spears. The number of spears determines the number of wives these people can afford. They are practically nude. The women's only clothing is a few leaves, while the men's attire consists of a scrap of skin around the waist. Their whole personal belongings consist of a polished spear or two and an old clay cooking pot. The women carry their infants slung across their sides.

"They are fearless hunters, and will boldly attack an elephant by rushing up to it and planting a poisoned spear in the brute. They are also very warlike little people, and only a short while before my arrival in the forest they had sallied out, attacked and looted a Belgian caravan, and killed seventeen porters. There were no white men with the caravan, and the native soldiers bolted. They eat like animals, even gnawing the bones of their prey. When an animal is caught they cut it up, skin and all, and put it in the cooking pot.

"Life in the forest is dreary in the extreme. It is always twilight, the sun never penetrates through the dense foliage, and for nine months of the year it pours with rain."—Africa.

A Pertinent Question.

Senator Beveridge was describing a precocious little girl.

"She showed her precocity the other day," he said, "by a question that she asked me. I had said to her in the course of an examination in mental arithmetic:

"'How old would a person be who was born in 1861?'

She smiled and asked:

"'Was the person a man or a woman?'"

The Horrors of War.

The old gentleman in the smoking car was declaring vehemently that, in his opinion, war was a disgrace to civilization. "War," he exclaimed, "is an abomination, a blot on the universe!" Upon which he rose and left the car.

"The old man seems to feel pretty strongly on the subject," said one of the passengers. "Has he lost some near relative through war?"

"Yes," answered a friend, "his wife's first husband."—Harper's Weekly.

The Sunday School.

CHARACTERISTIC CHRISTIANITY.

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 23rd is: "The Gracious Invitation"—Isaiah 55:1-13.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A man's first spontaneous thought of every person he knows is a picture of some one action, incident or aspect of that personality. Later, the man's whole life may come into review, but the first glimpse is of a particular characteristic. The same law applies to one's attitude toward religion. Nobody thinks a whole system of theology concerning the Person whose name the religion of civilization bears. Just what this immediate, spontaneous thought of people may be toward Christianity is of vital importance. Do they look upon it as a system of stern and inexorable justice, which inevitably squares accounts with every human frailty? Is it a sleepless eye, eager to discover mortals in wrongdoing? Is it a system of rigorous and cramping rules of conduct? Or is it a scheme of general philanthropy?

The Statue in the Hospital.

The point is worth considering. Doubtless there will be general agreement of opinion that the sculptor Thorwaldsen was right in his conception of the White Christ. When he set out to make a statue of Jesus in a characteristic attitude, he did not portray Him with a whip of cords in his hand, nor in debate with the lawyers, nor as a worker of miracles. Instead, as the replica of the statue which stands in the rotunda of a great southern hospital shows, he has chosen as the characteristic attitude of the Christ and His gospel, that of invitation; and everyone who enters the house of healing beholds a heroic figure of the tender-hearted Jesus with outstretched hands of entreaty, saying: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This word "come" condenses and comprehends all the New Testament teaching, and it is found in the loftiest utterance of the Old Testament, as this lesson shows: "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, some ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." This is the gracious invitation.

The Fifth Avenue Parade.

It is refreshing to find something in these days that does not bear a price tag. It is the fashion of our materialistic times to put it upon everything. "It costs so much to live," is the universal complaint of men and women who are spending all the money they can by any means make—and spending, too, powers far more precious than money—for the mere outward accessories of modern existence while too often missing the realities of life.

For that is the sad part of the situation. It is forever "Pay! Pay! Pay!" and yet get nothing that is worth while. These are very modern words which the old prophet spoke, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Anyone who has seen, with discerning eyes the Easter parade on Fifth avenue, or the larger or more cosmopolitan one on the boardwalk at Atlantic City is ready to quote the Wise Man's words, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." It is an outward seeming which gives no real inward joy. Today everybody who can do so, goes away on a vacation, and cynical observers often remark that the main object sought is not the pleasure or profit of the outing, but merely the empty vanity of being able to conform to fashion's rule of having the experience to brag about to less fortunate neighbors. The sheer foolishness and emptiness of much of the life of the times that is consuming the spirit's blood of people for whom their Maker planned better things, is enough to make angels weep.

The Fat and the Lean.

There is no need to teach the world this; it requires no proof of its own deep dissatisfaction with itself. In serious mood, men and women will frankly confess that they and their neighbors are spirit-sick, spirit-hungry, and spirit-thirsty. This is what really ails society. It is trying to satisfy its profound needs by gratifying its empty desires. Therefore, the pencil of unrest has written its ugly lines upon faces that we see all about us.

We are living in a day of fat circumstances and lean souls. We are feeding your body luxuriously and starving our spirits miserably. The husks of materialism are no food for the man whom God has made a living spirit in his own image. We need tremendously to hear this wise word from the ancient Hebrew writings, "Let your soul delight itself in fatness." Rather a big life in a little house than a little life in a big house. Richness and largeness of spirit are more to be desired than any of the blessings of estate. There are too many "Tomlinsons of Berkeley Square" who live the conventional round, but never grow a soul that even Satan can respect.

The Long Look.

He who lives a life of the spirit should have the patience of the truly spiritual. The monkeys are despised of the jungle folk because they are always in a hurry and can never plan for more than a day at a time. All strong creatures win with souls in patience. God shows his godship by his willingness to wait. He is never in a hurry; the eternal years are His. The proverb has it, "God's payday is sure, but it does not always come on Saturday." All of His plans include the worlds. Russia and Rome are but incidents, with Him to whom a thousand years are as a day. There was comfort for ancient Israel, and for all others today who in hard circumstances would live the serene life of the spirit, in the promise of a better day in the unseen future when the will of God shall be wrought out in perfectness. The promise to Israel was, "Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee."

It is hard for self-assured humanity to realize the word that came to Isaiah, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." "Do let God be God!" cried Mr. Spurgeon, grasping this truth.

The assurance of the old prophet, of a final day of victory, is nothing less than divine. This confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth has characterized all great reformers. The inevitableness of God's will is the comfort of the good, and the terror of the evil. If the devil ever feels despair it is because he knows that he is only the devil, while God is God. And God said, with a calm assurance of conscience omnipotence, "My word . . . shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Some Superlatives.

The refuge of every human soul is a hope of divine pardon. None is so good as to be beyond the need of it. The great message of the gospel is comprehended within the word of the old seer, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

All sorts of mere ethical isms and eulogies rise and flourish for a brief day and then pass into the limbo of forgotten things, because they do not satisfy a human soul's deep need of forgiveness. The Gospel that is winning the world is a gospel of pardon.

In that day of the Lord's nearness—for while he is always nigh there is a sense in which he is at times peculiarly near—man enters into personal relation with Him only on the basis of forgiven sin. Amos R. Wells has finely said:

"Of all

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID:
Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.
SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address,
THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 185,000

CURRENT COMMENT

Yesterday being a day of rest, the czar changed his mind only three times.

It is sometimes surprising that so many thrifty men hold public office.

The beggars naturally agree that Millionaire Scott should travel on slower trains.

National bank examiners never seem to have much to do until some bank breaks.

President Roosevelt still insists upon calling a spade a spade and Holmes a scoundrel.

Lieutenant Peary is off for the north pole, but it will be several weeks before he gets lost.

Everything seems to have been nicely greased for Mr. Loomis' slide into political oblivion.

Wizard Burbank should hurry along with his cobless corn. We had cornless cob for dinner.

Senator Mitchell and Senator Burton might get together and discuss the propriety of resigning.

If the climate in the canal zone is intolerable, Uncle Sam will have to see that it is changed, that's all.

Mr. Rockefeller occupies a good deal of the space in the magazines not devoted to corset advertisements.

This general war on grafters, if it is prosecuted to the bitter end, will necessarily mean larger jails.

Naturally China feels that there is nothing unreasonable in her request to be present when she is robbed.

One difference between Lawson and Rockefeller is that one is losing money and the other is giving it away.

General Linevitch is reported to have suddenly given up his aggressive policy. Must have caught sight of Oyama.

Millionaire Scott is afraid of nothing in New York, but Wall street. He wouldn't trust his yellow dog there.

China cannot be severely criticised for wanting to go before the peace conference and exhibit the wounds in her neck.

Both Germany and France are pleased over the settlement of the Moroccan affair. Morocco hasn't been heard from.

The czar has again taken advantage of the privilege an absolute monarch enjoys when he wants to change his mind.

Secretary Taft has made it clear that if he should ever accept the presidency, it would not be for the salary that goes with it.

The world cannot help admiring King Oscar for the manner in which he retains his equilibrium under discouraging circumstances.

Three Kansas saloons have been blown up with dynamite. The spirit of Carrie Nation's hatchet is still alive in the prohibition state.

There is an old adage to the effect that "put a fool on a horse and he will go full gallop." Millionaire Scott prefers riding on a fast train.

It is estimated that the Fourth of July cost $15,000,000. But that's not much when we figure on what the first Fourth cost John Bull.

Secretary Bonaparte refuses to accept railroad passes. He evidently doesn't care much for the opinions of congressmen and state legislators.

Dr. Gladden says the people are losing their consciences. Meanwhile the conscience fund in the United States treasury has grown to $400,000.

Thomas W. Lawson says the Standard Oil crowd kept Bryan from being President. It is a poor sort of crowd that doesn't have some good in it.

Every man who has quit his job on the Panama canal attributes his action to the climate. Not one of them will admit that he doesn't like to work.

It is gradually approaching a state of affairs where courts are closing their eyes to technicalities. Evidently there is such a thing as a common sense germ.

Mr. Carnegie says "riches do not make one happy." Perhaps not, but if a man has riches people sit up and take notice when he talks about the blessings of poverty.

A scheme has been devised for pumping pure, fresh air to the laorers on the Panama canal. If it works it will obviate the necessity of manufacturing climate for that locality.

Too much alarm is felt for the small boy who puts himself on the outside of the little green apple. There is a period in every boy's life when the green apple is the only thing that touches the spot.

There is no reason why John D. Rockefeller's father should be dragged into the controversy. He cannot be held responsible for the son's vast accumulation of wealth. Some boys are bound to be incorrigible.

A Fort Wayne man ate paris green and washed it down with wood alcohol, cut both wrists with a knife, shot himself in the head and cut his throat with a razor. Some people delight in making a muss for others to clean up.

On the new theory that the vice presidency is now a stepping stone to the presidency, Mr. Fairbanks is showing no signs of being disturbed by other booms. Furthermore, Mr. Fairbanks would rather maintain a calm demeanor than be President.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MEANS BUSINESS

There is no equivocation in the demand made by President Roosevelt of Attorney General Moody to go to the bottom of the cotton statement scandal. He insists that Mr. Moody give the matter his personal attention and that every effort be made to bring Holmes to justice. "Holmes is, in my judgment," says the President, "a far greater scoundrel than if he had stolen money from the government, as he used the government to deceive outsiders and to make money for himself and others."

There is no reading between these lines. There is not the least intimation that because Holmes is a government official whitewash shall be applied. On the contrary there is a straight-out demand that all the machinery of the administration shall be set moving to punish him.

President Roosevelt has acted promptly on the report made to him by Secretary Wilson. The legal department of the government now has the case with explicit instructions to push it. This is President Roosevelt's way, and it is the right way, and is another example of the executive's determination to scourge the grafters and drive them behind the bars.

Let us hope that the Roosevelt spirit will become more and more popular throughout the country.

IN THE WAR ZONE.

The past week ends with a report that the Russian forces in Northern Corea have gradually been driven north since last month, until they now hold only two positions south of the Tumen river. Other information is to the effect that a large force is advancing south from Vladivostok, but it is believed that the Russians will halt at Nokiefak, north of the Tumen, and there make a stand against the Japanese advance. If this belief is confirmed it means another battle of consequence before the close of the war. Meanwhile President Roosevelt is putting forth his best endeavor to bring about an armistice pending the furtherance of peace negotiations, in order to put an end to bloodshed.

From Tokio comes the news that the Russians have made at least a show of resistance to the Japanese advance in the island of Sakhalin, but were dislodged. This is contradictory of earlier reports that the Russian forces on the island were fleeing before the invaders without stopping to dispute the matter. The Russians were, however, overwhelmed with comparative small loss of life, and the Japanese have complete possession of South Sakhalin. These operations have been the chief features of the war during the past week, and are of importance only as to the effect they will have in the arrangement of peace terms. The occupation of Russian territory will give Japan an advantage she did not possess two weeks ago.

There has been no interruption of arrangements for the forthcoming peace conference, and, aside from the possibility of a clash at the Tumen, the war seems practically at an end.

ELIHU ROOT'S POPULARITY.

The Boston Transcript says that not since the time of Buchanan, more than fifty years ago, has a cabinet position been the steppingstone to the presidency, and it refuses, therefore, to understand the logic of those who profess to see in Elihu Root's appointment any advantage in the next campaign for the Republican nomination.

But the strength of Mr. Root lies not in the fact that he has been appointed secretary of state. Last year, when he addressed the national convention at Chicago, the delegates discovered that he was of presidential size, and he has been growing ever since. His position as premier in President Roosevelt's cabinet may not prove a hindrance, but on the other hand, it may not add a cubit to his stature, for the people feel that they know Elihu Root, and knowing him, they trust him. President Roosevelt's confidence in him, as expressed on numerous occasions, and more recently by tendering him the secretaryship, will only intensify the interest that the public takes in his political career.

Indications point to a lively contest in the next national convention of the Republica party.

NO WAR OVER MOROCCO.

The Moroccan affair was little more than a burlesque at the start, and now France, with a great flourish of trumpets, announces that it is closed. Her minister, Rouvier, has secured enough of a preliminary outline of the matters that are to be brought before the conference to assure her that no covert attack will be made on her prestige, and now all hands have consented to the conference.

Because the German emperor guaranteed "an open field and fair favor" to Germans in Morocco, he was charged with seeking to provoke war with France. The latter country, through Delcasse, then proceeded to strengthen its position in Morocco, and the reply of Germany was a request, practically a demand, for a conference. Her contention was that inasmuch as France had assumed a protectorate over the sultan with the assent of only two countries, Spain and England, that didn't constitute a sufficient title. While Germany may ultimately agree that France shall continue her guardianship, it won't be until the commercial door has been thrown wide open and securely propped. Germany wants it clearly defined that France, by reason of her protectorate, must not undertake to play favorites in her trade relations with the country. And if this is denied her, she is voluntarily assuming a responsibility that brings no returns.

But the situation is inproved, and there is no longer talk of war. In fact there was at no time grave danger that the two countries would clash over the proposition. The frontier Frenchmen have hysterics every time the emperor speaks. They seem to feel instinctively that one of these days he will cross over and get them if they don't watch out. Germany has a little buiness to transact in the interest of her people, and she didn't find it necessary to employ other than peaceful and persasuive methods in the course of the proceedings. The war correspondents in Europe will find time hanging heavily on their hands unless they can induce the venerable King Oscar to proceed against little Norway, or the truculent Huns to declare their independence of Austria.

ONE CRITIC OF JOHN HAY.

In all the comment, domestic and foreign, on the death of John Hay, there is but one discordant note. The Novoe Vremya refers to him as "China's wet nurse, as the enemy of Russia and the encourager of Japan," and "as mainly responsible for check administered to Russia's dream of empire in the Orient." The press of all other countries pay high tribute to his great ability as a statesman and a diplomat.

And when it comes to analyzing the characterization of the Novoe Vremya, there is but one criticism to make of it. Secretary Hay was not an enemy of Russia. He was not an enemy to any country. In all his acts bearing on the eastern question, he was in close touch with the American people. Unconsciously, perhaps, the Russian newspaper paid him a compliment when it called him China's "wet nurse." The attitude of the United States throughout the campaign growing out of the Boxer uprising was that of a friend. In the affair at Pekin, and in the subsequent events, Secretary Hay's obvious purpose was to preserve the integrity of the empire and reduce the cost of the Boxer uprising to a minimum. In accepting indemnity that covered our actual losses, and in refusing to demand exemplary damages, this country made it impossible for the other nations to bankrupt the Chinese treasury. Later in his note to the powers, Hay completed the greatest diplomatic triumph of the age, and protected China from encroachments as a result of the war between Russia and Japan. That he was China's good angel is apparent to everyone cognizant of the facts, and the value of his wise policy to the United States will become more and more apparent with developments.

If Secretary Hay's position in the eastern controversy encouraged Japan to go to war, it was a coincidence and not a premeditation. And if Russia has been forever estopped from trespassing on Chinese territory, it is a result of incalculable benefit to the civilized world. But John Hay didn't do these things because he felt unfriendly to Russia, but rather because he foresaw what was best for humanity and for the glory of his country.

GEN. WOOD'S STATUS.

The reasons for the return of General Leonard Wood from the Philippines have been the subject of conjecture from the day he landed in this country. His enemies have concluded that there was friction between him and Governor Wright, and that he crossed the Pacific to hear from the President's own lips just where he stands. It has even been asserted that the general is no longer a favorite with the chief executive, and that his home coming was not altogether of his own volition.

All doubts must be set at rest by President Roosevelt's remarks yesterday before the Long Island physicians. In explaining the importance of the medical profession's relations to the people, the President took occasion to eulogize General Wood. "We have not been able to reward Wood," said he, "in anything like the proportion that services such as his would have been rewarded in any other country of the first rank in the world." He roasted the general's critics, whose strictures, he declared, were prompted by "envy and jealousy."

Inasmuch as the President's speech was confined practically to General Wood and the Panama canal, is it not possible that he contemplates commissioning the general to look after the sanitation of the isthmus? General Wood's success in this direction in Cuba is well known. He drove out yellow fever and improved the conditions of the island a hundred fold. Something must be done in Panama to make it habitable. Chairman Shonts has been quoted as saying that his first consideration would be the health of the employes. Who is better qualified than Wood to take charge of this branch of the work? And when that work is completed, it is safe to say that the President will have even greater responsibilities for the military doctor in whom he places implicit confidence.

KANSAS PROSPERITY.

F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas board of agriculture, has given William E. Curtis, the newspaper correspondent, some interesting figures concerning the prosperity of the Sun Flower state. The sum and substance of it is that "Kansas is the most prosperous state in the Union." The voice of the Kansas calamity howler is now as soft and soothing as the cooing of a dove at eventide; Jerry Simpson and Mrs. Lease are out of the state, and the grasshopper has erased the name of Kansas from his visiting list.

Ordinarily it is impossible to put much poety into a set of figures, but here is a song from Coburn that is as thrilling as anything Eugene Ware—"Ironquill"—ever wrote. It is a song of hogs and wheat, of chickens and eggs, of butter and cancelled mortgages. Listen:

"In 1904 the total value of the fram products of Kansas was $208,406,365, and if you add the assessed valuation of live stock, it will bring the total up to nearly $370,000,000. Last year we had $51,000,000 worth of wheat, $51,000,000 worth of corn, $52,000,000 worth of animals sold for slaughter, $9,000,000 worth of hay, nearly $8,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs were sold by our farmers, $7,000,000 worth of butter, and so on. From 1895 to 1899 we raised 199,-260,222 bushels of wheat; from 1900 to 1904 we raised 381,504,953 bushels. The wheat crop alone of the past five years paid our farmers more than $250,000,000, and their other crops brought them a coresponding amount.

With this money the Kansans have paid off the mortgages on their lands, have bought more, and still have $110,000,000 in the banks, "most of it loaned to poor devils down east," says the poet of the Kansas board of agriculture.

Asked about this year's crops, Coburn, the sweet singer of prosperity, replies:

"Fairly good; good enough. The corn is late but promising. We harvested 132,021,774 bushels last year, worth $50,713,955, and we will undoubtedly do as well this year. The area in corn in 1904 was 7,194,158 acres. The returns of the assessors show an increase of 750,000 acres this year, or 11 per cent. There should be a corresponding increase in the value of the crop. Our wheat is nearly all harvested and the returns are favorable. Last year we had 64,793,39 bushels; the year before 54,-640,236 bushels. In 1901 we had our bumper crop, harvesting more than 90,000,000 bushels, and in 1900 more than 77,000,000 bushels. The yearly average for twenty years has been about 40,000,000 bushels, and we will go far beyond that this year, although we may not reach the record. It is a big crop and a good one. Ninety-nine per cent of it is the famous hard Russian red winter wheat, the best in the world. The oats are fair. This is not an oat country like Iowa, but our yearly average is about 32,000,000 bushels, and we are very likely to make it this season."

Kansas no longer bleeds. She sweats while she gathers the harvest of prosperity; and as she mops her brow in the shadow of the sunflower the country looks on and rejoices at her redemption.

THE BRANNOCK BILL AND GOVERNOR HERRICK

What did Governor Herrick do to the Brannock bill?

Did the changes he secured so mutilate the measure as to make it valueless?

The fact is the changes made as the result of Governor Herrick's so-called "interference" were slight and under the law as it now stands sixty or more residence sections of Ohio cities have voted out some 400 saloons within a year and a half after the law was enacted; and when the temperance forces properly unite they will find they have a weapon which can be wielded effectively in cleaning up residential neighborhoods in all the cities and large towns of the state.

The Brannock bill passed the house March 22, 1904, by a vote of 72 to 33. The house committee on temperance gave a number of public hearings while the bill was before that body. In the senate several amendments designed to strengthen the bill were offered and adopted and that branch of the general assembly pased it on April 12 by a vote of 27 to 6.

The amendments made to the bill by the senate made it necessary to be returned to the house for concurrence, and it was at this juncture that Governor Herrick issued this statement:

The Brannock bill, as it passed the house, has been amended in the senate, and the senate has passed it in the amended form. It has been returned to the house, and the question now before the house is whether it shall concur in the senate amendments.

The bill is therefore still pending, and, as I am informed that the house is now disposed to concur in the senate amendments, I deem it proper that now, before it is too late, I should advise you of my attitude on the measure, for I will be called upon in my official capacity to sign or veto it. As I have heretofore stated, I am in favor of resident local option, and of such a measure as will enable the people to vote out saloons from the midst of their homes. When the bill passed the house, however, I stated that I did not favor it, because it was unfair and unjust. Until day before yesterday I hoped the senate would eliminate the unfair and unjust features of the bill, but it has failed to do so. If the house concurs in the senate amendments, thus approving the bill in that form, I shall veto the measure. On the other hand, if the following changes are made, I shall approve the measure:

First—The residence district should in no case contain more than fifteen hundred electors, instead of five thousand.

Second—Any street between intersecting streets, or for 500 feet, as set forth in the bill, should be treated as a business section and not included in a residence district, if more than one-half the frontage is business property—instead of 75 per cent, as the bill provides. This is true majority rule.

Third—In determining the character of the frontage in question, saloons should be counted as business property. They are business and not residence property. You might as well say that no saloonkeeper should vote on the question as that his property should not count on the question.

Fourth—When an election is held, the result of such election should control for two years, whether the sale of liquor be prohibited or permitted. Section 6 of the act provides that if the sale be prohibited, the result of the election shall control for two years; but it does not provide that if the sale be permitted such result shall also control for two years. If these changes are made the bill will be a fair and effective local option measure, and I will approve it. Without the changes it is not a fair measure, and I will feel compelled to veto it.

On every proposition offered by Governor Herrick there was a compromise. In not one instance were his demands met by the legislature, but he did not veto the bill; he signed it and it became a law.

On his first request to make the maximum number of electors in a district 1,500 instead of 5,000, the legislature fixed the number at 2,000. It is doubtful if any district in which an election has been held has 2,000 voters. For the most part the districts have been small so campaigns can be more easily conducted. In fact they are neighborhoods rather than districts.

There was also a compromise on the Governor's second request that any street between intersecting streets should be treated as a business section if more than one-half the frontage were business property, instead of 75 per cent, as the bill provided. The legislators compromised on 55 per cent, making the most important change in the bill, but leaving far from inoperative.

The Governor's third request that saloons should be counted as business property in determining frontage, was met by a prompt refusal on the part of the legislature. The original bill counted them as residence property. This was absurd, as they are not residences. Scarcely less tenable was the governor's suggestion that they be counted as business property for being the point of attack it would have been easy in many instances for the brewers to colonize saloons and thus defeat the intent of the law. The legislators changed the bill so that saloons count neither as business nor residence property.

As for the fourth request that the bill be so changed that when an election is held the result shall control for two years, wet or dry, the governor and the promoters of the bill arrived at the same conclusion. The sponsors of the bill argued that no change was necessary as that part of the measure was modeled after the Beal law and was understood to imply exactly what the governor wanted. Mr. Herrick did not so construe it and a change of three words was made to make it more specific. The intent of either party was not affected by this change.

In all other respects the bill became a law as it was originally agreed upon by the house and senate. It was constitutional before the changes were made, for the amendments did not in the least change the principle of the measure. That it is effective several hundred saloonkeepers and a number of brewers who have been against the buzz saw will testify, and if the temperance workers and good citizens generally will pull together hundreds of saloons which now infest residence neighborhoods of Ohio cities, a menace to morals and property, will be driven out.

That the law needs some changes there is no doubt, but in principle it is right and the longer it is in operation the more popular it will become. Whatever changes will be made will strengthen and not weaken it and it will continue to plague the brewers and saloonkeepers and will stand as a monument of Republican legislation.

A SIGH FROM BONESTEEL

From 157 farms near Bonesteel, South Dakota, in the old Rosebud Reservation, there comes a sigh that must appeal to the hearts of men. On every one of those 157 farms, now said to be worth from $2,000 to $3,-500, lives a single woman who would welcome a man who can love and work.

These women have gone out from New York, from New England, from Pennsylvania, from Illinois, and from Ohio, and settled upon farms. According to press correspondence, Alfred M. Paxton, who recently reached Chicago from Bonesteel, has volunteered to act as press agent for these lonely women. He says they want and need men. He says the girls are just as nice as they can be, but this is their view of the situation:

"It looks lovely during the daytime. Bluebirds are tossing among the grasses, the sun is a ball of gold, the winds sing of hope and 40 bushels to the acre in crops. But the evening comes along. The dark is on. Then the locust goes to sleep and the katydids won't assert themselves. You light the lamp and peruse literature—we have lots of literature all around Bonesteel. You look under the bed and find no one there. You hear a coyote howl. The grasses that made such music during the day moan at night. You bolt the door and go to bed to be restless all night. What causes it?"

The answer is the lack of a man. In his enthusiasm Mr. Paxton, who has given a vivid, not to say poetic, description of the situation, once he gets the girls on the farms around Bonesteel married to true American citizens—men who will work, and he has a luminous view of the future of Bonesteel. Here is an appeal that must touch single men's souls and render them susceptible to the darts of Cupid's arrow. Wake up, men, and all aboard for Bonesteel!

A BRAVE SOLDIER DEAD.

The members of the Grand Army of the Republic are today mourning the loss of their commander-in-chief. Gen. Blackmar's name may not be as familiar to students of history as the prominent leaders of the Union army in the civil war, but he performed his duty well, bore a conspicuous part in many of the great battles of the rebellion, was promoted for bravery on the field and for his heroism was given a medal by congress.

In private life Mr. Blackmar's record was as meritorious as his conduct on the field, and in every way he was worthy the honor of the head of the grandest army on earth.

THE IMPERIAL CROP.

Another bumper corn crop is growing these warm July days in Uncle Sam's broad domain.

The government report for July makes a good showing. There is an increased acreage over last year, while the condition the first of the month was up to the average for the past ten years on that date.

Last year's corn crop aggregated 2,-467,000,000 bushels, and its value was estimated at $1,087,000,000. With the exception of 1892, it was the largest corn crop ever raised in this country.

Corn is king, and a big crop is a benefit to all the people, and this year it promises to be a screamer.

THE JAPANESE COUP.

If, as the Russian press asserts, Saghalien, or Sakhalin, which the Japanese have recently occupied, is valued at $10,000,000,000, and is a second Alaska, it is difficult to understand why the czar left the island practically unprotected. According to reports from the war zone, a small force of Japanese landed, drove the handful of Russians before them, and planted the standard of the Mikado where before the czar's colors had floated. The entire affair was over in a twinkling, and yet it is deemed the most important development thus far of the war.

The island is really a continuation of the Japanese chain of islands, being northwest of the Mikado's dominion and hugging close to the Siberian mainland in the southern part of the sea of Okhotsh. It is 670 miles long and 150 miles wide, contains about 25,000 square miles, and has a population of 15,000, nearly half of whom are Russian convicts, and one-third hairy Ainos. Down to a century ago China possessed it. Then Japan took the southern part, leaving the rest a no-man's-land. Half a century ago the famous Count Nicholas Muravieff, the conqueror of the Amoor and maker of the Treaty of Algun, seized the northern part for Russia, and thirty years ago Baron Struve secured the southern part of it from Japan in exchange for the Kuriles—a transaction in which Baron Rosen, now ambassador to the United States and peace commissioner, was concerned. Now Japan forcibly takes back the island.

The value of Saghalien is largely a matter of conjecture, but as it is only a third as large as the state of Kansas, the Russian estimate is probably overdrawn for diplomatic purposes. It contains rich coal and nophtha deposits and may possess great mineral wealth.

The importance of the Japanese coup lies in the fact that it is the only Russian possession that has been captured during the war and will no doubt therefore figure in the peace negotiations. Moreover, its proximity to Japan made it a constant menace, while its acquisition gives the Mikado practical control of the Sea of Japan and the Sea of Okhotsk.

PEARY AND THE POLE.

The indomitable Peary has again set sail in search of the north pole. This famous Arctic explorer is yet a young man and may live to make a number of other voyages on the same quest. He made his first trip to the north in 1886, when but 30 years old, reconnoitering the Greenland ice cap, east of Disco Bay. In 1891-2 he traversed Greenland for a distance of 1,300 miles, the most remarkable polar sledge journey ever made.

His most important expedition was made in 1898-1902, at which time he made many important discoveries and penetrated farther north than any other explorer before or since.

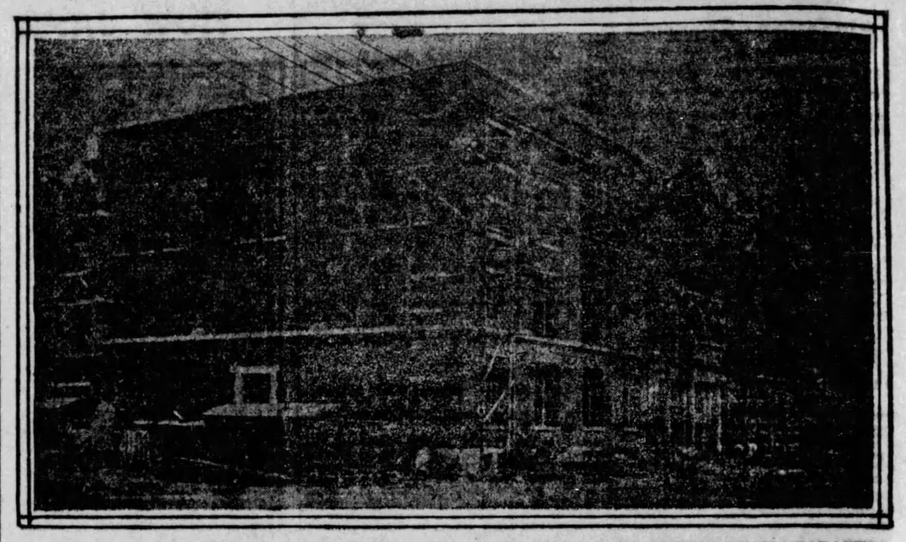
Peary has the confidence of men of means and apparently had little difficulty in securing the sum of money necessary to equip his expedition. Already he is recognized as one of the world's greatest explorers, and his friends believe and hope the trip on which he is now started will bring him yet greater honors.

There appears to be no law for the punishment of the man who manipulated the cotton reports. The only thing that could be done was to kick him out of office before he became a millionaire.

The Russians on the island of Saxhalin made no resistance to the Japanese invasion. It was as tame an affair as General Miles' capture of Porto Rico, with the huggings left out.

Mr. Rockefeller's Cleveland pastor received a basketful of potatoes, each of which contained a $5 gold piece. So far the cook has made no complaint about tainted potatoes.

WHERE PEACE ENVOYS WILL MEET



NEW GENERAL STOREHOUSE BUILDING AT PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD, WHERE RUSSIA-JAPANESE PEACE COMMISSION WILL HOLD CONFERENCES.

ELIHU ROOT

The New Secretary of State—Mental and Social Characteristics of the Man Chosen by President Roosevelt to Succeed Secretary Hay.

When Elihu Root was graduated from Hamilton college at the head of his class, he had a choice between following his father as a teacher of mathematics and going to New York to break into the law. He chose the law, somewhat to the disappointment of his father, who was professor of mathematics in the college and was known to all Hamiltonians as "Cube" Root. For young Root had been a wonder in mathematics; he could see further into mathematical abstractions than even his father, they said at Hamilton.

"Very well," said Prof. Root when the young man made his choice, "I'll give you letters of introduction to some people in New York who will help you."

"I don't want them," replied young Root. "I'm starting out to do this thing myself. I'm going to make my own friends without any family pull. I want to find out whether I'm a man or a mouse."

So he drifted into the disturbed New York of that day, found a corner in a law office and went to work.

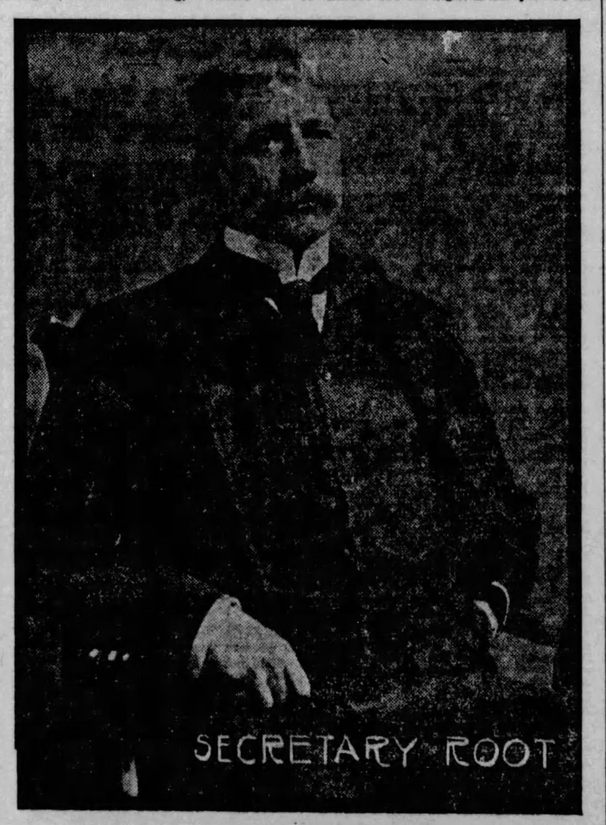
The year or two of privation that followed has usually been omitted in the biographies of Mr. Root. The fact is that for a long time he lived on 50 cents a day, and when even this resource was gone he scraped along by tutoring in mathematics, for which he had the family talent.

From the time he struck New York until he was making a living out of his law practice, "Young" Root—they called him "Young" even after he was well past middle age—supported himself. He did this voluntarily; it was part of his process of finding out whether he was a man or a mouse.

The close of the civil war was a time of opportunity. From the very first Mr. Root's marvelous analytical faculty, his application, his will, shoved him toward large affairs.

He had a good practice and was finding his friends for himself before he was 25. By the time he was 30 he had a good corporation practice and was a leader of the New York bar.

It was a great many years before he was recognized outside of his own profession. In it he was known as one of the strongest, most farseeing, keenest lawyers alive. Yet the country at large heard little of him until he stepped into the shoes of Secretary Alger to make over a disorganized war department. His period of quiet preparation covered the whole period of national growth between the civil war and the Spanish war.



It was because he was a great lawyer that he was suddenly injected into national affairs.

"I shall put the best lawyer I can find at the head of the war department," said President McKinley, in discussing a successor for Secretary Alger.

It was as a lawyer that Mr. Root was chosen; his political record had not been startling. Like his predecessor, Secretary Hay, he was made for the direction of large affairs, not for the seeking of small offices.

As a lawyer, he gave the government the most efficient administration of the war department since the civil war.

"How did you get the army reorganization bill through?" they asked him, after his work in the department was done, for the passage of that bill was the most difficult feat of his administration. Secretary after secretary had tried to reorganize the army and had been beaten by the powerful static forces which always lined up against reform.

"I took the army for my client," he said. "That's all."

Because he will probably carry that principle into his administration of the state department, and because his absolute devotion to his clients is a tradition among lawyers, his character as a statesman may be summed up in his abilities as a lawyer.

Above all his other qualities is that of far-seeing analysis. The mathematical genius of his family shows in that.

In his early days at the bar he was noted as a cross-examiner, and this, although he is an indifferent public speaker. He was a terror to shifting witnesses and a scourge to liars.

Only those who watched his methods closely knew that this was because he had gone to the very bottom of every detail in the case, threshed it out to its last analysis and come into court with the case so clear in his mind that he had a parry at once for every thrust of his antagonist, however unexpected.

No enthusiasm ever threw him off his balance; no one ever knew Elihu Root to lose that perfect poise of his. Friends of the family say that he got this quality from his mother, a woman all sweetness and friendliness, but of perfect self-possession in all emergencies.

This custom of analysis became a habit with Elihu Root.

"What is at the bottom of this thing?" is the first question that seems to spring into his mind when he sits down to the consideration of any case or of any problem.

He takes no rest until he reaches the ultimate analysis. From this, with his wide experience of men and affairs, he can build the situation back again, step by step, to its logical conclusion.

It is a common mistake to suppose that imagination has no part in mathematics and other exact sciences. Original work in mathematics needs as much imagination as poetry; imagination marks the difference between the plain senior wrangler and a Sir Isaac Newton. And since the mind of Elihu Root is at the bottom mathematical, imagination is the force by which he follows a logical situation to its logical outcome.

"Elihu Root can see further into an abstract proposition than any other man I ever knew," said an official who has grown gray in high government service, "and he is fairly a prophet at following it to its probable outcome."

The second quality which has made for Mr. Root's success in law is his tact, and that is a quality which is rare in these big, analytical intellects. The man of balance and far sight is likely to be unmagnetic, wanting in perception of men and in sensitiveness—and the sensitive spirit is the mother of tact. Elihu Root has the knack of handling men, of rubbing their fur the right way, of making them see things with his eyes.

"Settle it out of court," has been one of his unformulated mottoes. Again and again he has settled big cases by calling in his opponents, talking it over, getting them together.

Superficial observers have called Mr. Root cold. The same thing was said of his predecessor, Secretary Hay, and for the same reason, since the two minds were of the same type at bottom.

Mr. Root is of the mental temperament; his psychology lies deep down—it is only with an effort that he throws his feelings to the surface. There is a dynamo under the ice, however, a very warm and human personality, as his friends and his family know.

His charities have been many, but very quiet. His gift of a science hall to Hamilton college has been almost his only public act of giving.

He is called by his employes one of the squarest and most liberal employers in the country, and his liberality goes further than money. He always gives his subordinates full credit. From the time when he was first able to afford clerks in his office he has made it a rule that every creditable brief shall bear, not his own name, but that of the clerk who drew it up. In this respect he is an exception among eminent lawyers.

Above all these qualities is that of hard work and intense concentration. They used to notice at Washington that he never knew when mealtime came and that night was announced for him by the coming of the electric lights.

When important matters came before him he went into long periods of concentrated thought, during which, the doormen and employes learned, he was to be disturbed only at their peril. When his door was closed, when the secretary had gone into executive session with himself, not even a senator or a cabinet member was allowed to disturb him. He had started to analyze something; he must carry it out to the very end before he let the machine stop.

In his earlier days his recreation, like that of President Roosevelt, lay in long hunting trips to the west. He has dropped that in his later years.

For a time he found recreation in golf. Now his avocation is his friends and his family. He loves long, familiar talks, in which his exterior sloughs off and the real man shines out.

Otherwise it is all work. During the troubled summer of 1900, when the Boxers were besieging the legations at Pekin, he was the only cabinet officer who stuck it out all during the hot Washington summer. He stayed with it twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four, while the melting asphalt pavements were pulling off shoes.

He is no longer "Young" Elihu Root. The name was dropped after he entered the cabinet. Yet he appears younger than his 60 years.

His photographs make him appear still younger, one would guess his age from the pictures at 40. Seen in real life, his hair and mustache are iron gray, but his smooth, brownish skin is hardly wrinkled. His familiar bang of hair tops the round but rather high forehead, which is said to denote imagination.

Trained in the rather formal school of oratory taught at Hamilton college, Mr. Root is solid rather than brilliant, as a speaker. He lines out good, hard sense, without much trimming.

For that reason he is at his worst in an after dinner speech, and at his best in a serious political speech. His speech to the convention which nominated Roosevelt for President is a good example of his finest oratory.

Yet Mr. Root has his sense of humor, which gleams out now and then. A reporter who had annoyed him by foolish questions, once capped the climax by asking whether the President was going to remove Mr. Conger, minister to China, or was going to ask his resignation.

"Neither," answered Mr. Root. "I think that the President will employ the Oriental subterfuge of sending him a poisoned letter."

Mr. Root married a daughter of Salem H. Wales. They have two sons and a daughter, all grown up. Their home life has always been quiet.

Mr. Root's working habits have given him little time for society, and Mrs. Root clings to the old-fashioned belief that a woman should not appear in society without her husband.

It has been a pleasant, harmonious and agreeable family. Mr. Root has made it a point to chum with his two sons.

While they were young he walked to school with them almost every day of the year. Both followed the family tradition and went to Hamilton college, from which they have just been graduated. His daughter, Miss Edythe, was very popular in Washington during his residence there as secretary of war.—New York Sun.

Current Events.

Battleship Oregon of the Asiatic fleet again wins the trophy in annual target practice.

After killing a detective one Kansas bandit is killed and another mortally wounded by posse.

Franco-American Financial association is incorporated in Paris with a capital of $10,000,000.

General Stoessel is arrested and must face charges in connection with Port Arthur's surrender.

Emperor William makes naval demonstrations off the coast of Sweden and alarms that country.

Paul Jones' body will reach Annapolis July 22 and will be met by Admiral Evans' fleet and a French warship.

President Roosevelt in talking to Long Island physicians declares the Panama canal will be dug in spite of difficulties.

Pie, eaten by enginemen, ties up the Santa Fe railroad system two hours and lands the heroes of the episode in a hospital.

John D. Rockefeller, alarmed by attacks recently made on his methods, becomes fearful for his personal safety and increases his bodyguard.

Governor La Follette, in an address at Chetek, Wis., declares that six oil, coal and iron men, by corrupting legislatures, control the entire nation.

W. B. Howell, a millionaire cotton planter of Pine Bluff, Ark., commits suicide in New York because physicians are unable to save him from blindness.

Samuel Reymer, who married a dancing girl, is practically disinherited by the will of his millionaire father, which is filed for probate in Pittsburg.

Health Commissioner Darlington, of New York, is given permission to establish an immense sanitarium for the treatment of consumptive patients.

Stuyvesant Fish is refused a new trial of the suit in which a New York furrier recovered $1,500, the court holding a husband is bound to buy wife's clothes.

Sentiment among members of the New York legislature in favor of an Equitable investigation is growing and Governor Higgins will be urged to act.

District Attorney McGovern, of Milwaukee, considering the batch of 67 indictments returned by the grand jury Tuesday, says: "We hope to do much better."

United States district court in Kansas City grants temporary injunction restraining Missouri railway and warehouse commission from enforcing the maximum freight rate law.

Morris K. Jessup, of New York, gives $25,000 for Commander Peary's arctic expedition, completing the $50,000 needed, and the explorer declares he surely will reach the north pole.

President of Portland, Ore., Chamber of Commerce writes letter to President Roosevelt to use his influence to secure a new treaty with China, modifying the present exclusion act.

Kaiser gives a pledge to King Oscar that he will aid in restoring the dual kingdom, according to reports in Berlin. As a proof King Oscar is appointed grand admiral of the German fleet.

Better children and not larger families is the country's need, says Professor Herbert E. Mills, of Vassar college in an address before the American Institute of Instruction at Portland, Me.

Gold Medal Awarded

To The Blade's New Ball Bearing Rotary Washing Machine at Louisiana Purchase Exposition by the Superior Jury of Awards.

This certainly is sufficient guarantee of its superior merits to induce the most skeptical to take advantage of our liberal offer to ship the machine to our subscribers for about half price, together with the Weekly Blade for 1 year. **$5.50**

With this machine your week's washing can be done in an hour and your much dreaded washday will soon be a thing of the past.

This washing machine will wash anything from a lace handkerchief to a bedquilt without injury as the counter currents of the water in the tub are what do the washing.

The machine is arranged with tight fitting cover, thus preventing escaping steam and eliminating the contamination of the house.

The machine works so easy with ball bearing journals that the work can be done by very little effort and no hard work.

Throw away the washboard for you wear the clothes more and cut the fibre of the cloth by rubbing the clothes on the hard ridges of the washboard than by ten times the actual wear of the clothes.

The Blade Rotary Washing Machine may also be operated by a 1-12 horse power electric motor. The time of washing is reduced to 45 minutes at a cost of 1½ cent for electric power. Our price for this machine, fitted with motor, and The Weekly Blade one year is..... **$26**

A Word To the Housewife

Will you stand over the open washtub and inhale the volatile matter and steam that arise from undergarments, etc., injure your health, contaminate your household and make it unfit to live in when you can get a Blade Washing Machine that is perfection in every particular at such a low price?

The mechanical movements consist of our patent oscillating malleable sprocket gear operated in ball bearings with steel ball retainers, most reliable and durable device that has yet been offered to the public.

The tub is made from (as the American Encyclopedia terms it) the Everlasting Red Cypress; it will outlast any two cedar tubs and is the most durable article of the kind ever offered our patrons. The body of the machine measures 25 inches in diameter, 14 inches deep, weight 72 pounds.

Remit by P. O. or express money order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Cut Paper Patterns

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

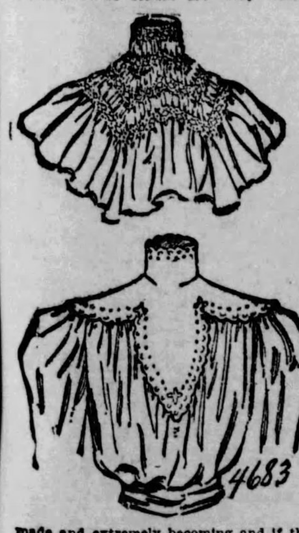
4647—Girl's Frock.

Surplice effects are not confined to the use of grown ups alone but the small sisters' wardrobe contains this most becoming feature as well. It is a most becoming style not only as a new garment,

but it is a pretty way of improving an old dress that has been outgrown or perhaps worn. The model has a deep round yoke which continues down the front in surplice style. The skirt is full and attached to the belt thus forming in reality a one-piece dress. The sleeve is the regulation style attached to a deep cuff. The model is suitable for wash fabrics or for lightweight woolen. A pretty idea is to trim the dress with striped or plaid material. Sizes 6 to 14 years.

4683—Two New Collars.

For the girl or woman who must make a few frocks serve for the season's wear, the collar creations which this season has brought in such fascinating array, will prove a great source of satisfaction. With two or three of these she may make one sheer waist serve as so many different frocks. These collars are very easily

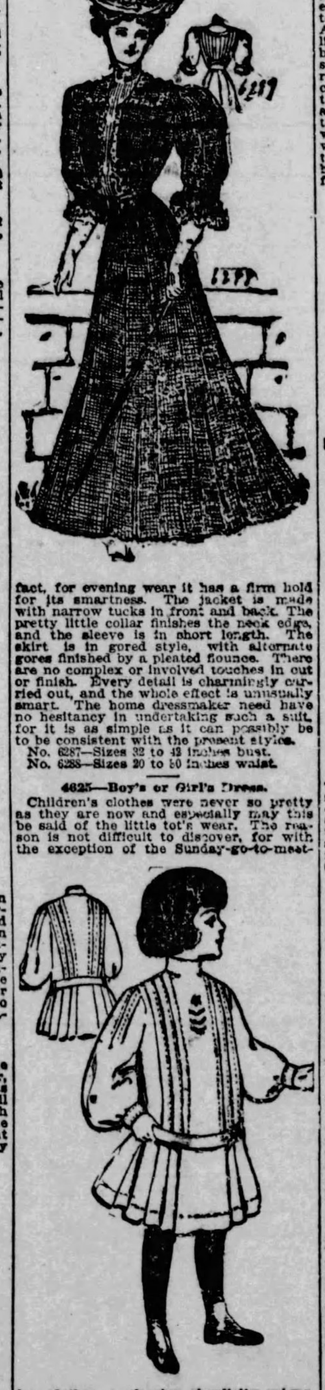


made and extremely becoming and if the girl make them herself, they may be quite inexpensive. The shirred collar is intended for dressy wear and may be made of lace, organdie, India mull, mousseline de soie or chiffon. Three bands of insertion interrupt and stay the shirrings while another band defines the top of the collar. The lower part of the bertha collar falls in the effect of a deep flounce covering the top of the sleeve. The second shaped collar is designed in linen with the eyelet embroidery and buttonholed scallops adorning the edge. Any amount of individuality may be shown in its elaboration, embroidery or even a narrow pleated ruffle may finish it. Both collars close in the back.

Sizes, misses, 9 and 15 years and small, medium and large for ladies.

6287—6288—Lady's Eton Suit.

The correct wardrobe for summer involves, first of all, a silk suit. Such a choice is certainly a good investment, saving in laundry expenses and giving the satisfaction of possessing a suit always ready for day or evening wear. Perishable, flimsy stuffs are extravagant and foolish, and cheap silks come in this category. There is, however, a new silk on the market which is actually guaranteed by a bond, and which costs such a trifle more than ordinary silk that it is by far the best policy to pay the extra amount and feel sure of a good wearing material—one that pays for its making. Although the Eton suits are very much worn, the one shown is far removed from the usual ready-made suits, and it would indeed be a plain and awkward woman who would not look well in such a style. In style it is not too elaborate for morning wear, neither is it too plain for dressy use. In



fact, for evening wear it has a firm hold for its smartness. The jacket is made with narrow tucks in front and back. The pretty little collar finishes the neck edge, and the sleeve is in short length. The skirt is in gored style, with alternate gores finished by a pleated flounce. There are no complex or involved touches in cut or finish. Every detail is charmingly carried out, and the whole effect is unusually smart. The home dressmaker need have no hesitancy in undertaking such a suit, for it is as simple as it can possibly be to be consistent with the present styles.

No. 6287—Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust.
No. 6288—Sizes 20 to 30 inches waist.

4625—Boy's or Girl's Dress.

Children's clothes were never so pretty as they are now and especially may this be said of the little tot's wear. The reason is not difficult to discover, for with the exception of the Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, a pleasing simplicity reigns. Simplicity in this instance means appropriateness and appropriateness means good taste in selection of design and material. The models of today express the former but it depends entirely upon the length of one's purse strings or the use of the garments.

The design shown is a one-piece dress in tucked style suitable for little folks of either sex. The front and back are laid in narrow tucks forming a broad panel, under which the closing is effected on the left side. A feature that has found great favor in children's frocks, is the introduction of the inverted pleat in the skirt under the arm. It gives extra fulness to the skirt and that, where it is most needed without the use of a bias seam that "just will sag" in the washing. A belt of the same material or of patent leather may be worn, although for a morning dress it is quite as pretty without the belt. There is little difference in this style dress for boys or girls. The cut and finishing being the same except little boys wear knickers with theirs and sometimes the little girls do too. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 years.

6259—6260—Lady's Shirt Waist Costume

Something very novel and smart is shown in this shirtwaist suit, which, judging from the new arrivals, has lost none of its prestige. In both design and construction it is out of the ordinary, and this combined with a great deal of style and charm, makes it a most attractive model. The blouse proper is tucked in front and back, over which is fitted a prettily-shaped facing, held in position over the tucks by buttons. The facing just meets the raglan sleeve, whose fulness is taken up in pleats that extend to the neck edge. The lower edge of the sleeve is also pleated, and the model is a good one to follow if one desires to freshen up an old waist by the addition of a new sleeve. The skirt is one of the newest this season. It is in four-gore style, and is exceedingly simple in its construction. It has been some time since we had four-gore skirts, but they are coming in again, for they give the fulness required by the present modes without cutting up one's material so badly. The new four-gore skirt has a box pleat down the center back. This pleat is a part of the back gore, and simply means the bringing of perforations together to form the pleat so one can see how much easier it is to handle than an applied pleat. The side gore is fitted by a dart, and the lower portion falls in very graceful lines. For a model that is worth of the attention of

the home dressmaker this is to be commended. It is equally good looking fashioned of cloth, of linen, or any wash material. Quite a pretty idea would be to pipe the edges of the fancy facing with contrasting color, whether the dress be made of brown cashmere with cream or white satin pipings or blue linen with white pipings.

Sizes—6259, 32 to 42-inch bust measure; 6625, 20 to 30-inch measure.

6326—A Blouse of Rare Good Style.

Some one has said that "the apparel oft proclaims the man," and the blouse portrayed would surely bespeak a wearer of good style and excellent taste. A waist like the one shown does not appeal with equal force to all—the Fates forbid—but to all it does mean a nice attractiveness. As a part of a shirt-waist suit in blue linen or white pongee, this waist would be very smart for summer, while taffetas, sicilien or any of the soft woolen fabrics would prove it equally becoming for cooler weather. The square yoke lends the wearer a high chested, high busted appearance while the stitched straps extending over the shoulder give breadth as well as length. The front is laid in plaits which simulate a broad triple box-plait, tapering to the waist line. This is a very becoming feature and supplies plenty of fulness. The sleeve is the leg-o'-mutton

with a moderate amount of fulness at the shoulder and stitched at the wrist. The center of the back is marked by a third stitched strap, which adds the finishing touch. The blouse is not difficult to make and the most inexperienced dressmaker may achieve success with the pattern.

6326. 6 sizes, 30 to 42 inches bust measure.

WILL OPEN ASPHALT CASE

President Appoints William J. Calhoun for That Purpose.

Washington, D. C., July 14.—William J. Calhoun will visit Venezuela and make an investigation of the entire asphalt controversy so far as it affects the title of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt company to the asphalt lake at Felicidad.

This appointment means that President Roosevelt has made a change in his plans and will once more open up the asphalt question with President Castro, since he must have communicated with the president of Venezuela and ascertained whether the appointment of a quasi-diplomatic agent would be acceptable to him.

This is the first time there has been a full and impartial investigation on the ground of the merits of the famous controversy. The asphalt company asserts that it has been deprived of its rights and property. President Castro, on the other hand, says that it not only forfeited its franchise and concession, but that it aided a revolution which was raised for the purpose of overthrowing his established government.

The asphalt company is now being worked by a receiver appointed by the courts under President Castro.

Judge Calhoun visited President Roosevelt about ten days ago. The President at that time tendered him his appointment, and soon afterward he indicated his acceptance of it.

REQUEST IS TURNED DOWN

Secretary Bonaparte Will Not Grant Desired Half Holidays.

Washington, July 14. — Secretary Bonaparte has forwarded his decision in the matter of half holiday for the employes of the Washington navy yard on Saturdays during the summer to the department from Baltimore. The secretary refers to the former report of the navy department to the President that it was not deemed expedient to grant the request for a half holiday at the navy yard and says:

"This decision of the department having been approved by the President closed the question, but, in view of further requests between the same effect, the secretary of the navy has carefully reconsidered the subject and concludes that the half holiday requested cannot be granted with due regard to the public interest. The necessity for strict economy on the part of this department is obvious and so urgent that the department would not be justified in recommending to the President action involving serious additional expense to the government whatever might be its desire to meet the wishes and promote the pleasure of its employes."

Government Opposes It.

Washington, July 15.—Mr. Rockhill, the American minister at Pekin, has cabled the state department that the Chinese government is vigorously opposing the threatened boycott of American goods.

WOOD MAY GO TO CANAL

President May Detail Him to Clean It Up.

Washington, July 14.—General Leonard Wood may be called upon by the President to rid the canal zone of yellow fever, as he did Havana. General Wood returned recently from the Philippines, and should Colonel Gorgas, the chief sanitary officer on the isthmus, fail to stamp out the fever, the general, who was Gorgas' superior in Havana, may again be detailed in that capacity.

President Roosevelt referred to the great value of General Wood's services in Cuba in an address to the Associated Physicians of Long Island, and from his words the inference is drawn by department officials here that the President has in mind to avail himself of General Wood's services should the men and measures now at work on the isthmus not prove successful.

General Wood's high rank in the army would not preclude his detail, as the President has authority to detail him for special work in the zone.

Conditions on the isthmus are described by war department officials as not as distressing or precarious as the stories told by returning Americans would indicate. A great deal has already been accomplished to improve the sanitation of the zone, they say, and yellow fever will be as effectually stamped out there as it was at Havana.

Whether General Wood actually goes to the isthmus to take charge of the sanitation or not, it is regarded as certain that the President will have him investigate health conditions there and recommend such measures as should, in his judgment, be adopted.

TAXES U. S. ENGINEERS

At Work on the Lime Kiln Crossing.

Detroit, July 14.—If the Canadian government insists on levying an income tax on the salaries of the American engineers who are spending millions of Uncle Sam's money in improving the Lime Kilns channel in Canadian waters, Uncle Sam has a retaliatory measure ready to apply.

United States engineer, Colonel Davis, intimates that the engineering force will be ordered to move from Amherstburg to American soil and the United States government will cease buying supplies of Amherstburg merchants. This will be a heavy loss to the town, amounting to many thousands of dollars per year. Those in the United States engineer's office say that if the trade of American engineers is diverted from Amherstburg this town will fetch up at the tag end of the list of Canadian cities.

"There are a number moves we could make," said Colonel Davis, "but to withdraw American patronage from merchants and move American residents to the right side of the river would probably be the most efficient. I can hardly believe that the Canadian government will go so far as to insist on an income tax. Americans are supporting Amherstburg right now."

The proposed tax is three per cent. on the salaries of Americans who are working for the government as engineers and in other capacities, dredging the Lime Kilns, and who live in Amherstburg. The engineers explain their residence in Amherstburg on the sole ground of convenience to their work. A property owner is exempt to the extent of $700 while in the case of the Americans who do not own property their exemption is limited to $100. A United States government employe living in Amherstburg and drawing $1,500 salary is exempt $400 and is to be taxed three per cent. on $1,100 salary, or $33 each year which he must hand over to the Canadian government.

The engineers have filed a protest with the Canadian government and if this has no result, the United States engineer will issue orders for the engineers and dredge crews to move from Amherstburg to Grosse Ile.

"Certainly the tax commissioner at Amherstburg has got a right to assess the American engineers living there who are working on the dredging of the Lime Kiln channels," said Assessment Commissioner Black, of Windsor. "I don't care whether they are Americans or Chinamen—I'll put them on the same level—they will both be assessed if they live in Canada and are enjoying protection from the authorities."

"I don't care a snap for their American citizenship" shouted Black, suiting the action to the word. "Lots of 'em have come to me and said they were American citizens and shouldn't be assessed. They make me tired."

TAFT PARTY IN HONOLULU

Secretary and Junketers Are Given Banquet by Hawaiians.

Honolulu, July 15.—Secretary Taft and party were guests yesterday at a luncheon given at the Hawaiian hotel. The dining room was elaborately decorated and a large gathering of territorial officers and prominent citizens were present. In his address of welcome, Mr. Atkinson, who presided, made reference to the probability of Secretary Taft's being a future nominee for President, and his remarks met with general applause.

Secretary Atkinson said that Hawaii as a fortified post was more important to the United States than the Philippines will ever be. In responding to the toast, "The President," Secretary Taft began with a humorous reference to Miss Alice Roosevelt and her representation of the President. Continuing, he said that President Roosevelt was anxious to visit Hawaii, but, being unable to come himself, he sent along a member of his family, and that for straightforwardness and strenuousness, the President was well represented by his daughter.

Secretary Taft suggested that the best way to handle insular affairs would be to have a bureau at Washington devoted to looking after Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines and Porto Rico.

Later in the afternoon Secretary Taft, Miss Roosevelt, and others of the party, went to Waikiki beach and tried surf riding. Secretary Taft says that Governor Carter has had a successful administration of Hawaii, and that he believed the governor will withdraw his resignation after seeing President Roosevelt, who wants Governor Carter to remain in office.

ALL TO HAVE BLACK HAIR

But Not Until Somewhere About 3000 A. D.

Winona Lake, Ind., July 15.—A thousand years from now the people of America practically will all have black hair, the original color. A head of light hair will be so rare that it will be a curiosity, but a head of auburn hair occasionally will be seen.

These are assertions made by Dr. Robert W. Rogers, professor of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., one of the highest institutions in the Methodist church. Dr. Rogers holds high rank as a student of Biblical times.

Dr. Rogers says that the land in which man lives often had a good deal to do with the color of the hair. When the white men first came to this country they found the Indians had black hair. The white men have been in this land long enough for the color of their hair to take a turn toward black.

Anti-Trust Law Valid.

Little Rock, Ark., July 15.—The Arkansas anti-trust law was declared valid by the supreme court of the state today, two justices dissenting from the opinion. It is agreed that the effect of the decision will be to shut out from the state all old line insurance companies that maintain a rating agreement, and that any trust products sold in the state will be in violation of its terms. The case was carried to the supreme court by a Connecticut Fire Insurance company.

GRAFT IS UNEARTHED.

Reform Bureau Is Using Franks by Wholesale.

New York, July 17.—The Washington correspondent of the Herald telegraphs his paper as follows:

"In the name of reform what is declared to be a wholesale misuse of the United States mails and franking privilege is now taking place in Washington.

"The National Reform bureau, which styles itself the First Christian lobby, and which has been engaged in righting everything that its manager deems to be wrong, is using the franks of Senator J. H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, and Congresman Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts, to send through the mails a book about the work in Washington of Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, superintendent and treasurer of the National Reform bureau.

"This book is called "Patriotic Studies." It purports to be a part of the Congressional Record, and contains two documents, one ordered to be printed during the second session of the Fifty-seventh congress on motion of Senator Wellington, on December 20, 1902, and the other, the publishers assert, in the second session of the Fifty-eighth congress on motion of Senator Gallinger.

"The book weighs more than seventeen ounces, so that if it paid postage it would cost 9 cents to send it through the mails. It is a volume of 288 pages, with a thin cloth cover.

"Inclosed with each copy sent out under frank is a return envelope, also franked. Persons to whom the book is sent are asked to return the book if they do not want to purchase it, and if they do want to purchase it, to use the frank in sending back to the reform bureau 25 cents "for the good of the cause."

"The government is not only giving to the reform bureau 9 cents postage on each copy of the book sent out from Washington, but also is giving the same amount on the return of each copy that does not find a purchaser.

"It is asserted 70,000 copies of the book now are burdening the mails, in envelopes printed half with the frank of Senator Gallinger and the remainer with that of Mr. Gillett. Seventy thousand copies of this book weigh about 1,260,000 ounces, or thirty-five tons. The postage two ways that the government is believed to be giving free amounts to $12,000.

"This scheme is carried on without the knowledge of Mr. Gillett, who has been absent for several months on a visit to the Pacific coast. Mr. Gillett has allowed the reform bureau to use his frank in a wholesale way, but never for the sale of a book.

"When the scheme was ready to launch, Mr. Basset, an agent of the reform bureau, waited on Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Gillett's secretary. It was explained how nicely the government could be made the agent of the book merely by inclosing another franked envelope for the return of the publication. Mr. Gibbs refused to sanction the scheme.

"The reform bureau has been in existence since 1893. It is a creation of Rev. Dr. Crafts. Its officers are President and auditor, Charles Lymon, of Washington; secretary, Rev. F. D. Power, pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian church; superintendent and treasurer, Dr. Crafts; trustees, Right Rev. Bishop H. V. Satterlee, John Eaton, Rev. J. G. Butler, General E. Whittlesey, Rev. A. S. Fiske, of Washington, L. T. Yoder of Pittsburg, Joshua Levering of Baltimore and B. L. Whitman of Philadelphia.

"The book is practically a record of the activity of Dr. Crafts in congressional matters during the last ten years."

CAUGHT BY THE 'TELL TALE'

Terrific Experience of Brakeman on Top of Moving Train.

Waterbury, July 14.—Caught in mid-air like a rabbit in a snare and whipped by the cars of a swiftly-moving freight train, Alex Lundenden was badly hurt early this morning.

Lundenden is a brakeman and stood on a box-car near the head of the train as it approached the outskirts of Bridgeport. An overhead bridge spans the tracks at this point. On either side of it are what is known as "tell-tales," consisting of a fringe of rope or leather overhanging the tracks to strike and warn trainmen in time for them to avoid striking the bridge as they pass under it.

It was dark when Lundenden advanced over the train, and he suddenly felt the warning sting of the "tell-tale." As he crouched, he threw up one hand. A thong of the "tell-tale" whirled around his wrist, and Lundenden was dragged off his feet. The thong held him with the grip of a slip-noose.

Dangling just over the train, the brakeman sustained a series of stunning jolts. The thong was of sufficient length to drop his body for an instant between the cars. As the train rushed on the roof of each successive car delivered its blow. His body was whirled and tossed about, and he said later that he feared his arm would be drawn from the socket by the fearful strain.

There was danger at every blow that the thong might part and drop him between the cars and under the wheels. Unconsciousness put an end to his misery. Trainmen in the caboose heard a clatter overhead and found Lundenden lying on the roof. The thong had parted just as the last car was reached.

Lundenden was taken to Bridgeport hospital on the arrival of the train. His shoulder had been dislocated, and his forearm twisted, in addition to contusions on his body.

RICHARDS WANTS TO KNOW

Queries Mormons as to Their Self-Confessed Land Office Connections.

Washington, July 12.—Letters have been placed before Commissioner Richards of the general land office written by members of the Mormon heirarchy advising brethren who desire to settle on lands within the Uintah reservation in Utah, which will soon be thrown open to settlement to do business with the presidency at Heber City, Utah. These communications say that certain Mormons have "land office connections" which will be of value to those of the church who desire to enter upon the Uintah lands.

Commissioner Richards has addressed a letter to William H. Smart, Joseph R. Murdock and James E. Jensen, Mormons, living at Heber City, asking them what is meant by the assertion that they have "land office connections" that can be used to advantage in making settlements upon the public domain.

TYPHOID FEVER RAMPANT

From One to Five Cases in Every Family in Pennsylvania Town.

Pittsburg July 15.—Typhoid fever is epidemic at Collinsburg, a small town 25 miles southwest of here. There are about 30 houses in the village, and in every house there are from one to five cases of the disease. Five children of a family named Litt have died, and a number of other families have lost from one to two members.

Physicians seem unable to check the scourge.

SENATOR CLARK BETTER

Passes a Good Night After Operation for an Ear Abscess.

New York, July 17.—Senator W. A. Clark, who is recovering from an operation upon an abscess in the ear, passed a comfortable night, and the indications today were apparently very favorable.

Dr. McKernon visited the patient at 6:46, remaining but half an hour.

LLOYD GRISCOM SLATED

Said to Have Been Chosen to Succeed Loomis.

Washington, D. C., July 13.—It is generally believed in official circles that President Roosevelt has practically decided to appoint Lloyd Griscom, present minister to Japan, to the positon of first assistant secretary of state, to succeed Francis B. Loomis, who will probably receive a diplomatic appointment.

If the President appoints Mr. Griscom it is likely the department will be generally reorganized. With Mr. Root, who is very fond of system and of every new method which will save time and increase efficiency, at the head of the department and Mr. Griscom, who is young, full of energy and vigor and well versed in practical business methods, as his first assistant, it is likely the method of doing business in the state department will be radically changed.

The department has always been unfortunate in obtaining appropriations from congress. Mr. Root will take up the fight for larger appropriations at the next session, and those who know him best think he will be successful in getting what other secretaries of state have failed to get.

Mr. Root was very successful in reorganizing the war department when he took charge of that branch, and his experience in that work is expected to stand him in good stead in the reorganization of the department of state.

OLD PENN RELICS FOUND

Owner Values His Collection at $250,000.

London, July 13.—An interesting American document has been discovered in England. It is for sale to the highest bidder. The document is in the form of letters patent granted by William and Mary to William Penn. Along with a number of well authenticated Penn heirlooms, it has come upon the market through an enterprising chartered accountant in the city. He found it suffering undeserved oblivion in the household of an English family who were all unconscious of its historical value. Its genuineness is vouched for by authorities.

The parchment measures 20½ by 23¼ inches and is elaborately executed. On the left margin appear three lions, crowned, with three fleurs-de-lis. On the right are the lion rampant, the harp and the Tudor rose, each symbol being likewise crowned. The whole is surmounted by a representation of the royal arms and a portrait of King William III.

As the owner is not desirous of revealing his identity, the history of the document's possession since it left the hand of William Penn must remain unwritten.

The other heirlooms are an oil painting of Admiral Penn, William Penn's father, a silver dinner plate, a silver tobacco pipe, a miniature in a gold frame of the head of a Penn of the eighteenth century; two pieces of bloodstone, with the Penn arms; a gold and enamel watch marked "Rigby 4237;" seals, two of gold, one of steel, one of brass and one of moss agate; a link of a steel chain, a brass button, three small prints, a miniature of the head of a lady, letters with regard to the history of the pipe, and a letter signed by Penn to Samuel Pepys.

Although unquestionably of silver, the pipe, which has a seven-inch stem, is quite black. Its authenticity is testified to by several documents in the possession of the present owner of the heirlooms. A memorandum, of which the following is a copy, is one of the documents: "A silver tobacco pipe, given by William Penn to Joseph Peckowr, a Quaker, who left it by will to his grandson, Edmund Sparshall, who died in Norwich, Nov. 2, 1846, aged 89, at the sale of whose effects it was bought in on the 3d of August, 1848." There are also a letter signed by Penn himself, one by H. Garney to "Richard Penn, Esq., 6 Whitehall," and other communications bearing on its genuineness.

The silver dinner plate is circular in shape, 9½ inches in diameter, and weighs 12½ ounces Troy. Upon its 1¾-inch rim the arms of Penn are engraved, and it has also a London hallmark of 1664.

Besides the list enumerated above, the collection includes a small book dated 1698 and entitled: "An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and County of Pensilvania and of New Jersey, in America." It was written by Gabriel Thomas and is dedicated to Penn.

The minimum value placed on the collection is £50,000.

PROBE IN NEW DIRECTION

Tobacco Statistics Will Now Be Looked Into by Secretary Wilson.

Washington, July 14.—Through the receipt of numerous communications from the south and statements appearing in the press at various times that the statistics of the department of agriculture on tobacco were being manipulated in the interests of the socalled tobacco trust, Secretary Wilson has begun an inquiry into the subject. Pending the investigation the publication of the tobacco statistics of the several districts will be held up.

The regular monthly figures by states will be given out on Monday next. It was said at the department today that special agents have been sent to the dark tobacco districts of Tennessee and Kentucky for the purpose of verifying or correcting the department's figures. This action, Mr. Hyde, the chief statistician, said, was in deference to the sentiment which had been engendered that the department's figures were wholly incorrect. Mr. Hyde has been given direct charge of the investigation, which, it is expected, will be concluded within two or three weeks.

CANNED EGGS THE LATEST

Unique Concern to Do Business in St. Louis.

St. Louis, Mo., July 15.—One of the most unique concerns which was ever incorporated to do business in St. Louis is a company to can eggs. The Southern Egg Preserving company has opened a factory at 1018-20 North Broadway, and has begun the operation of converting "spotted eggs" into good ones. The enterprise buys up the broken and spotted eggs from the commission houses. Men divide the good from the bad portions and pour the part to be saved into a huge churn.

When it is full a girl churns it until it reaches the proper consistency for the egg preserving fluid. Again the churn is revolved for half an hour. When the eggs reach the proper point they are poured off into cans and stored away ready for use. The house claims to have orders from bakeries and other concerns in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and other large eastern cities.

JOHN MITCHELL IS BROKE

President of Miner's Union Loses All Through Bank Failure.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 17.—A report has reached this city that President John Mitchell, of the Mine Workers' union, has lost $2,000 through the failure of a bank at his home in Spring Valley, Ill., and that this sum represented his entire savings.

This is a revelation to those who thought he was accumulating money by writing labor articles and the sale of his book on organized labor.

UNIFORM WAS TAKEN OFF

Historian Reviews Proofs of Identity of Naval Hero.

New York, July 17.—Cyrus Townsend Brady, rector of Trinity church, Toledo, historian of the naval hero, John Paul Jones, whose body is now en route to this country for honored interment at Annapolis, makes a statement of unusual interest, addressed to the doubters who refuse to credit the official identification of the bones.

"I have purposely held aloof from the discussion of this question," said Mr. Brady, "but the time has come for me to speak. To my mind there is no doubt as to the identity of the body rescued from oblivion by former Ambassador Porter. It is the body of Paul Jones. My researches convince me of this.

"History records that Paul Jones was buried in a little Parisian cemetery and that the body lay in state by order of the French assembly.

"The body, dressed in full uniform and with sword beside it, was viewed by thousands. Then, as history records, the body was placed in a leaden casket full of spirits and sealed up.

"The record as to the burial in the little Parisian cemetery is absolutely clear.

"The sealed leaden casket, accurately described by the records, was found by Ambassador Porter in the little cemetery. Then, the bones of the skeleton face give convincing evidence in support of the identification. At least one marvelously accurate bust of Paul Jones is in existence, and scientists conversant with the facts agree that the skeleton face is absolutely true to the sculptured features.

"Additional proof is found in the fact that the height of the skeleton frame corresponds accurately to the height of the living Paul Jones, according to the very best authorities.

"Skeptics attempt to discredit the identification," continued Mr. Brady, "from the fact that the bones were found wrapped in a sheet, while history says that Paul Jones was buried with sword and uniform.

"But this argument, in the light of the customs of that day, is little short of absurd. Bodies preserved in alcohol after the crude fashion of the day, were never buried in their uniforms. The chemical action of the alcohol on metal buttons and tinsel interfered with the process of preservation.

"Dead soldiers of distinction lay in state dressed in full uniform, but the clothing was invariably removed before the body was sealed up in the metal casket.

"That was true of Lord Nelson, England's naval hero, whose body at the end was stripped of its brilliant uniform, wrapped in a sheet and placed in a cask of spirits on the deck of his flagship.

"As to the sword, my own personal researches are conclusive. The sword presented to Paul Jones by the French monarch was not buried with him, and is now in the possession of his descendants in Philadelphia.

"But apart from all question of accuracy of identification, the important fact is that, at last, this country is doing justice to the memory of a man who had been the inspiration of our navy from the beginning. It makes no particular difference whether these bones belonged in life to Paul Jones or any other man.

"The cardinal point is that this country fixes high upon its list of heroes a man who, as late as four years ago, was classed as a pirate by England's Athenaeum. Who cares about the bones?"

MUST LABEL POOR FOODS

Secretary Wilson Allows Adulterated Products to Enter.

New York, July 12.—Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, has sent out an order and circular letter in regard to the large amount of adulterated food stuffs imported since the pure food law went into effect, and which have been held up because the bureau of chemistry of the department found that all kinds of adulteration had been practiced.

Secretary Wilson in this order modifies a former one in which he had declared that the goods must all be sent back to Europe. A number of the largest wholesale grocers in New York who were concerned in the importation made a strong protest, pleading a misunderstanding of the law.

The secretary's order, which has arrived at the New York custom house, provides that goods already imported shall not be sent back, but may be sold in this country. He orders, however, that cans of peas colored with sulphate of copper shall be distinctly labeled so as to show this fact, various strawberry jams shall bear a label reading "Artifically Colored," and some canned mushrooms be sold as "Steams and Scraps."

EDUCATION FOR NEGROES

Discussion on That Subject Opens Session of Conference.

Hampton, Va., July 14.—The ninth annual session of the Hampton negro conference has begun here with a large attendance of colored men and women from all sections of the country, the bulk of the representation, however, being from southern states.

City Schools for Colored Children was discussed by W. T. B. Williams, of Hampton, the school visitor for the general educational board. He mentioned a number of places which, he said, were delinquent in the matter of adequate school room accommodations for the colored people. Nevertheless, he added, neither poverty nor the indifference of school officials is altogether the cause in every instance of poor school facilities. The colored people themselves are sometimes at fault.

Other topics discussed were the public and private support of negro schools, land problems and tuberculosis.

CHANGED HUSBAND

Wife Made Wise Change in Food.

Change of diet is the only way to really cure stomach and bowel trouble.

A woman says:

"My husband had dyspepsia when we were married and had suffered from it for several years. It was almost impossible to find anything he could eat without bad results.

"I thought this was largely due to the use of coffee and persuaded him to discontinue it. He did so, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The change did him good from the beginning, his digestion improved; he suffered much less from his nervousness, and when he added Grape-Nuts food to his diet he was soon entirely cured.

"My friend, Mrs. — ———, of Vicksburg, (my former home) had become a nervous wreck also from dyspepsia. Medicines had no effect, neither did travel help her. On my last visit home, some months ago, I persuaded her to use Grape-Nuts food. She was in despair, and consented. She stuck to it until it restored her health so completely that she is now the most enthusiastic friend of Grape-Nuts that I ever knew. She eats it with cream or dry, just as it comes from the package—keeps it in her room and eats it whenever she feels like it.

"I began eating Grape-Nuts food, myself, when my baby was two months old, and I don't know what I should have done without it. My appetite was gone, I was weak and nervous and afforded but very little nourishment for the child. The Grape-Nuts food, of which I soon grew very fond, speedily set all this right again, and the baby grew healthful, rosy and beautiful as a mother could wish. He is two years old now and eats Grape-Nuts food himself. I wish every tired young mother knew of the good that Grape Nuts would do her.

Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

LADIES FREE TRIAL Never failing monthly Remedy relieves the most obstinate case. FOND DRUG CO., 52 Niagara St., Dep. 16, BUFFALO, N.Y.

SONG-POEMS Wanted. We pay Royalty, write music and publish. Pioneer Music Pub. Co., 449 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago.

$8.50 acre—160 acres; house, orchard, berries 150,000 ft. timber; railroad and sawmill convenient; new fences; good water. Photos free. Mrs. Cox, Box 94, Montear, Missouri.

WEALTHY BUSINESS MAN, income over $5,000 yearly, desires the acquaintance of kind hearted lady to take charge of home with view to matrimony, no objection to poor or working girl. Mr. Norton, E 38, Old Times Bldg., Chicago.

CHARMING LADY of fine appearance and loving disposition, worth $25,000, desires to MARRY AT ONCE. No objection to poor or working man. Will assist husband financially immediately after marriage. Mrs. Morton, E 9, 96-5th Ave., Chicago.

RHEUMATISM cured or money back. Quick Relief and Cure. Trial treatment free to any sufferer. National Med. Institute, Milwaukee, Wis. Please mention Toledo Blade.

GOES TO WESTINGHOUSE

Engineer Wallace Will Build Electric Roads.

New York, July 12.—It has been learned upon the highest authority that Engineer John F. Wallace was lured away from the Panama canal commission by George Westinghouse, of the Westinghouse Electric company.

Westinghouse, it is known has a scheme to build electric railroads to parallel steam railroads wherever there is an apparent chance of profitable competition.

The belief is current that the main object of Westinghouse and those who are to be associated with him is to compel the railroads to buy the electric roads in order that there may be no rate slashing.

It is suspected that in some instances the railroads themselves will be parties to the scheme, with a view to preventing the construction of electric roads by unfriendly interests.

Wallace is to be the head of the enterprise and, in addition to a salary of $65,000 per annum, is promised opportunities to obtain stock holdings and profits out of the deals contemplated.

It is said Wallace believed when he left the Isthmus of Panama that the President and Secretary Taft would increase his salary to the figure offered by Westinghouse, and that he would be permitted to direct canal operations from this country.

Secretary Taft had received some information of the general scheme and was prepared for Wallace when he arrived.

ARE ALL AGAINST DEPEW

Equitable Policyholders Would Oust Senator.

New York, July 13.—Chauncey M. Depew must go. The policy holders of the Equitable Life Assurance society are demanding his scalp as a director. The funny man of the august United States senate has been caught in an act which to the plain people looks like grafting. Yale university, of which Depew is a trustee, has joined in the clamor against him, and he is likely to be deprived of his connection with the school if he does not meanwhile resign. The Equitable disclosures may affect Depew's relations with other institutions.

When the report of State Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks was published showing that Senator Depew was receiving an annual salary of $20,000 as a lawyer's retainer, the country was amased. Policy holders began to write the officers of the company, suggesting that Mr. Depew ought to relinquish his salary because no evidence was offered the policy owners that he had ever rendered any service for the money taken out of the trust fund.

When President James W. Alexander, Vice President James H. Hyde and Vice President Gage E. Tarbell put their resignations in the hands of Chairman Paul Morton it was thought that Senator Depew should take a similar step to relieve the chairman of embarrassment. His failure to take this step was followed by letters demanding his retirement as a director. The latest disclosures are believed to seal his fate.

Senator Depew stands in the attitude of sanctioning a loan of $250,000 of the Equitable funds to the Depew Improvement company on property which the state insurance department valued at only $150,000.

Moreover, he admits giving his word to make good any loss to the Equitable, and it is not yet shown that he has done so. The Equitable had to foreclose on Mr. Depew's company, which made a present to the New York Central & Hudson River railroad of a valuable site for extensive shops outside of Buffalo, and there is a deficiency judgment hanging over Mr. Depew's company.

It was thought when Chairman Morton cut off Mr. Depew's $20,000 that the senator would not consider it as a joke, but would cable his resignation as soon as the news reached him in Europe. He failed to do so, but hung on to the office, which paid him $25 for every committee meeting he might attend.

The letters demanding his resignation increased to a flood, and some vigorous representations along that line have been made to Chairman Morton. It is said the policy owners of New York city will organize to take measures to force Mr. Depew out of the directory. The temper of the policy holders all over the country is such that the movement may be overwhelming.

The feeling of the

Household and Young Folks

Emily S. Bouton Editor

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.
'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart I find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

THURSDAY.
Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

FRIDAY.
The world is old and ill, you say?
Then lay your hand to your work and right it!
The wind blows cold, in the midst of May?
Then button your coat with a laugh and fight it!

SATURDAY.
Stand in the sunshine sweet
And treasure every ray,
Nor seek with stubborn feet
The darksome way.

SUNDAY.
Grave on thy heart each past "red letter day,"
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee.

MONDAY.
And human love, its prophecy and sign,
Interprets love divine.

TUESDAY.
Have courage! Keep good cheer!
Our longest time is brief.
To those who hold you dear
Bring no more grief.

Sophonisba Is Moved to Protest. Evolutionary Law Slow but Sure

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Sophonisba came in from a trip down street, wearing upon her face the look which betokened her arrival at the conclusion that for the moment at least, life was not worth the living. We are all apt to have a wave of that kind sweep over us occasionally.

I was exceedingly curious to know the cause of the disgust pictured upon her countenance, entirely effacing its usual serenity, but I waited for her to speak. Sophonisba and I do not ask each other many questions. She took off her hat, sat down and was apparently plunged into deep meditation.

I was beginning to feel the gnawings of unsatisfied curiosity when she broke forth, paraphrasing Shakespeare:

"What fools we women be!"

"Not that I want to dispute your conclusion, but just what has produced your state of mind at this particular moment," I asked.

"What I saw this afternoon," she replied. "You know how beautiful it was when I started away, how brightly the sun shone, how velvety green the grass upon the lawns, how fresh the leaves upon the trees. Everything seemed to be rejoicing over the cloudless blue of the sky, which promised that the rains were over. People appeared to feel that way, too, especially women, who were out in force, and in such pretty dresses. The summer's fad for white had full sway, but there were scattered here and there gowns of other colors, and the streets and stores looked like flower gardens.

Sophonisba paused.

"Well, what happened?" I asked to break the silence.

"Happened! It is easy enough to know if you think over the last two or three hours. No one seemed to notice the shadowing of the sun, and suddenly down came the big drops fast and faster, while the sky was rapidly and entirely overshadowed. Then there was a running to and fro, a quick raising of the umbrellas that a few suspicious ones carried—

"Oh wise women!" I interpolated.

"A rushing into the stores," she continued, "by those who were out, and a crowding upon the street cars by the ones whom recent experiences had filled with despair as to a surcease of wet. You can imagine the scene.

"That I can," I replied, "for I was a lively actor in one just like it only yesterday. But why your disparaging remark about the sex to which you belong?"

"Well, just this. I stood in a doorway watching the hurrying throng. The men passed with free hands and a swinging step that would soon carry them where they wanted to go. Every mother's daughter I saw with but two exceptions were clutching their skirts, frantically behind with one hand, while the other held little packages, a bag, a pocketbook, and in a few instances, an umbrella. There was neither beauty nor grace in their hurried movements, and most of them were breathless with their effort to keep their dresses out of the mud while hurrying for shelter. One thing that vexed me was that I knew I should cut just such a figure when the moment came to leave my vantage point of observation and run for a street car.

Ah me! what bliss it would be
Could we wear our skirts half up to the knee.

We should be no worse "guys" than we are now grabbing the back breadths of our gowns in a mad effort to hold them above the dirt and grime of the street. I wonder how women will dress in the millennium.

Sophonisba paused, and I seized the opportunity to read to her a little "pome" from a Milwaukee paper which was in accord with her sentiments. Evidently it was written by "a mere man" who saw the funny side of the matter:

I saw her today, she was crossing the street,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;
She walked on the heels of her dear little feet,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;
She took little steps of four inches or so,
She was careful her new patent leathers would show—
And just so they wouldn't get muddy, you know,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;

I saw her again, later on, from afar,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;
She was running like mad, for she wanted a car,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;
She waved her free hand in a wild, frantic way,
And tried her best efforts the street car to stay,
But she wouldn't let loose of the other, nay, nay,
And she grabbed
At her skirts behind;

"There is more of it, but I guess that is enough to show you someone else views the picture in the same light that you do."

Sophonisba laughed.

"Can't you see it in your mind's eye?" she asked.

"I can see it in reality every day," I told her. "Still we are getting more sensible about our clothing in many ways. We do wear our skirts for walking short enough to clear the ground when it is dry weather, without being called peculiar, because Fashion has so decreed. This perfecting process is going on in dress as well as in many other things, and perhaps—mind, I say perhaps—the time will soon come when women will be able to move with the same freedom as men.

Sophonisba sighed. She was inclined to be pessimistic as to the future of her kind.

"I wonder why evolution proceeds so slowly," she said at last. "It seems to me as if the whole world is in a confusion that will by and by bring annihilation. One gets up in the morning wondering what horror will appear, what moral filth will be disclosed before night. Is the world coming to an end, do you suppose? One grows so weary of it all.

"Don't you wish you were a cat for a little while?" I asked, pointing to the "pet of the household" asleep in a porch chair upon which the sunshine poured a flood of heat so delightful to his feline constitution.

"Isn't that a picture of peace and contentment?" she said answering my question with another. "Not a ripple of anxiety or worry to disturb him, sleeping or waking. Sure of kind words, of plenty to eat, of everything which his cat nature craves, with no thought of the morrow, or of the necessity of trying to be good, hoping nothing and fearing nothing, his life must be a delight. I do not know as I want to be a cat, but—

Just at this moment the "pet" raised his head, pricked up his ears, rose to his feet, curved his spine, and made ready for a spring. The next instant he "flew" over the railing and up into the topmost branches of a tree standing near whence he surveyed the scene below.

Looking around for the cause of his sudden departure we saw a dog, the hereditary enemy of all cats, standing near. He had approached unobserved by either Sophonisba or myself, but not unseen by the object of his pursuit.

"I guess I do not care about being a cat after all," remarked Sophonisba, when we had recovered our poise. "In proportion, I believe, human beings do not have to struggle any more in progressing along the evolutionary path than everything else that lives. The real thing is to endeavor to see what it all means, and to make the best of circumstances. We know that the final outcome must be good, or else the whole scheme of life is a flat failure. Come and let us see what The Blade says tonight about the prospect of peace and the squelching of the Equitable," she concluded, and we pondered no more upon the evolutionary problem.

The Cozy Corner

A SERIOUS SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Dear Cozy Cornerites:—I have just removed to this place from my old home in Indiana, and find myself confronting a serious social problem. When we first arrived, the neighbors on either side of us were kind and helpful, and of course knowing no one here I was glad to have some one to speak to, although they were not exactly the kind of people I had been in the habit of associating with at home.

After we were settled, the gentlemen of the firm which employs my husband called, with their wives, and these ladies introduced me to others of their set, who have proved far more congenial than the neighbors at first mentioned; in fact, have seemed like the friends I left behind at the old home.

I find there are very rigid "dividing lines" maintained here by the different social cliques, and have noticed that my latest acquired acquaintances seem much surprised at my "neighboring" with the others, so much so, indeed, that it is coming to the point where I must choose between the two.

I do not like to be considered "snobbish," but I certainly enjoy the company of the "avenue people," as they are termed, much more than I do that of the others. Still, they are our near neighbors and were the first to welcome me here. There is no reason why I should not associate with them except my inclinations for the others, and the prejudice that prevents their "mixing." That is to say, they are perfectly respectable, but not as refined or as well educated as the "avenue people." What shall I do, and how shall I do it so that no one may be hurt or offended?—Mrs. Joseph Jones, Michigan.

"TO SHAKE OR NOT TO SHAKE."

I read an article in a recent magazine upon the gentle art of bed-making and found much to admire in it, and only one point to criticise. This was: that in making the room neat after the bed was properly arrayed, the writer said the rugs should be shaken out of the window!

That struck me as being a mistake, and I speak as one having experience. I once lived in a first-floor flat, and many a time I have been forced to shut down my windows in "breathless haste" to save my rooms from a deluge of dust, lint, etc., that came flying down from the rugs energetically shaken out of the windows above!

Not only that, but this debris finally landed beneath my windows, where I was trying to coax a few flowers to blossom, and after a "regular clearing up time" upstairs, I have gathered up a handful of raveled yarn (snapped from the ends of the rugs), hair, lint, threads, burnt matches and tiny scraps of various materials that had descended in this downpour.

Where we are living now, the landlord specifies in the leases of all second floor tenants that "nothing shall be thrown or swept from any windows, doors, or porches," and I live in peace, and raise my posies in comfort.

Clean your rugs in the backyard—if you have one; if not, on your back porch—if you have one; if not, lay them on the clean linoleum in your kitchen or hall, and brush them with a damp broom or whisk; but don't shake them out of the window. You may live in a downstairs flat yourself some day!—Mrs. Jesse Hurd, California.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

I was delighted to know that there was another besides myself who appreciated the value of physical culture. I agree with her that it does one more good to exercise for fifteen minutes than to sleep the restless, uneasy sleep that comes to the woman who is all tired out.—"Forget-Me-Not."

LINES SUGGESTED.

The following lines were suggested by an article in a recent number of The Blade:

THE EXILE.

Across Siberia's bleak domain,
A cavalcade rides forth,
Each sunset many leagues they gain
Towards the penal North.

Among the convicts in that band,
Is one, a stripling youth;
Whose classic face, now pale though grand,
Proves him the soul of truth.

He scorned the tyrant's cruel sway
Nor feared the glistening arms.
Nor chains, nor knout could ere dismay
His heart with their alarms.

He from the streets of Moscow cried
Revolt! revolt! O men.
Why linger loyal? We are tied
Like sheep within the pen.

A sound they heard. They stood dismayed
'Twas Moscow's mounted pride
That charged the crowd with hoof and blade
And bore the youth aside.

Across Siberia, bleak and drear,
Beneath the Arctic gleam
The noble soul who knew not fear
Goes to his servile tomb.

DAVID W. DAVIES.

THE COOK.

"Give a dog a bad name and then hang him," will apply to other things than the dog. If we once taste of a food that is imperfectly or improperly cooked, we at once discard that food from our tables forever.

Take prunes, for instance; we hear all kinds of jokes about them as "the boarding house standby," the "the last resort of genteel poverty," etc., and, in consequence this very wholesome and good—yes, good—fruit is turned down when we are laying in our supplies for the table.

In truth, the fault is not so much with the prune as with the cook, who, in a majority of cases, soaks the fruit for an hour or two then allows it to boil furiously for half an hour, sweetens it and serves it to her unfortunate family. In California, the home of the prune, such treatment is unheard of. The prunes are never boiled—they are steamed for several hours without sugar or water, and then have a most delicious flavor unattainable by any other method of cooking.

They may be soaked over night, then allowed to come to the boiling point over a slow fire, and left to simmer for half or three-fourths of an hour, but never boiled. Lift them from the water into the serving dish, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar to a pound of prunes and the thinly cut rind of half a lemon. Let this syrup boil briskly for twenty minutes, then pour it over the prunes and serve hot or cold.

Prune Pudding.

Place two cupfuls of cooked and stoned prunes into a well buttered baking dish and pour over them a batter made from three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir these thoroughly and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a cupful of sweet milk and two beaten eggs. Bake till the crust is brown, and serve with a butter and sugar sauce.

Useful Knowledge.

It is said that muslin and laces will be rendered less inflamable if, in laundering them, half as much whiting is mixed with the starch. Pulverized alum added to the starch, is also recommended for this purpose.

During the summer vacations the children's clothing is apt to be stained with the grass; to remove these stains, wet well with alcohol and after a few minutes wash as usual. One mother writes to The Blade that she has found rubbing the spots with molasses equally efficacious.

In washing blankets, choose a bright, hot day when the wind is blowing, if possible. Measure the blankets on your curtain stretchers, then wash by soaking and squeezing them in lukewarm water in which borax has been dissolved. Rinse in water of the same temperature and shake all the water possible from them. Then fasten to the stretchers and they will dry with absolutely no shrinking.

If you have no curtain stretchers, squeeze—not wring—the blankets as dry as possible, after rinsing them, shake and pin to a line, using many clothespins to prevent the blankets from sagging, which will cause scalloped edges; in about an hour—or sooner if they dry fast—turn them with the opposite edge on the line. If it is a good day, leaving them on the line after they are dry, will tend to restore the fluffiness of the new blanket to them.

To remove the stains made upon brass by alcohol—as those on a chafing dish—moisten a soft cloth with amomnia and rub them; they will disapepar immediately.

To remove grease spots from light colored, cotton goods, without leaving a faded spot, sprinkle the spot thickly with magnesia, or common laundry starch, cover with a brown paper and iron with a hot iron for a few moments. This will so absorb the grease that when the garment is washed in the usual manner, there will remain no spot of any kind to show where the grease was.

On the back side of the front of the baby's bib, hem a little pocket, into which slip a piece of oiled silk, or fine rubber. This can be removed when the bib is changed, or laundered, and will prevent the bib from ever wetting through, which an ordinary cloth bib will do when the child is teething.

The addition of two tablespoonfuls of rolled breadcrumbs and one of cornmeal, to the white flour when making pancakes, adds ninety per cent. to their goodness. When sour milk is used for batter cakes of any kind, soda should be put in to sweeten the milk, and baking powder to make the batter light and tender. Baking powder is a saving of eggs when used in any cake.

In making brown bread, if you are not able to obtain the rye flour called for, soak some stale bread in cold water until it is soft, squeeze it dry and use it in the proportion given for the rye flour.

Using one-fourth of a pound of sausage meat with one pound of lean beef—all put through the meat grinder—and the result cooked in the shape of meat balls, will give a most satisfactory breakfast dish combining the flavor of the sausage with the digestibility of the steak. A small portion of sausage mixed in a beef loaf, sometimes adds to its acceptability in a family where sausage is liked, but is not as easy of digestion as is desirable.

The Poet of the Sierras.

JOAQUIN MILLER ON HIS FARM.

Joaquin Miller is like one of the "big trees" of his beloved Sierras, hale in his latter years, rugged, wind-swept and shaggy, a child of the woods, the rain, the sun and the mountains. He dwells in the green hills overlooking Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, a little corner of the Pacific coast which also harbors Jack London, another son of the out-of-doors. Joaquin Miller is sixty-five now, and he has written twenty odd books, but his blue eye is keen and his "spirit unabated," while he lives the life of as picturesque a recluse as ever clung close to Nature's heart. A recent visitor thus described the home of the poet whom English critics once hailed as the greatest of American singers:

"It is a hut of one room, before which are planted a row of young olive trees. Through the open door (it is always open), you looff off across hills of vivid green, dotted with clumps of trees. Inside, the room is a veritable jumble. On one side are a couple of venerable bureaus with dusty mirrors and old-fashioned trimmings. On the other side of the room are hunter's traps. Below are boxes, supposed to contain golddust, and all about the wall are pictures of poets, stained photographs, clippings from magazines, and letters from men of note, all tacked up hit or miss.

"But the poet's couch is the feature of the place. It is a canopied affair, covered with skins of various savage beasts, and with robes made of the hide of the buffalo. It is reclining on this couch that Joaquin is wont to receive his guests. When I saw him last, it was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon of a rainy day, but the poet had not yet risen, and apparently had no intention of doing so that day. He apologized to the extent of quoting from another good gray poet: "I loaf and invite my soul."

Joaquin works when the spirit moves, on his farm and garden, and has solved the problem of living without hurry and flurry after the dollars. He is like another Thoreau in this respect, but with the real blood and the warm heart-beats which were wanting in the chilly and morbidly centred philosopher of New England—From The Outing Magazine.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

The members of the M. G. R. circle will doubtless be interested in knowing about the book of which one of the "Merry-Go-Rounders" is the writer. The author is Will C. Whisner, of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., and his story, founded on facts, is entitled Mark Ellis. It is a tale of Civil War times which tells of the experiences of Mark Ellis, a sterling young American who carved his own way in the world and carved it well. It is a book which reflects the highest moral principles and fervent patriotism. Love of country, love of right and truth, and admiration for what is highest in womanhood, find place in these pages, while in one of the chapters Mr. Whisner pays a royal tribute to Lincoln, holding up his life as an example of honesty and devotion to all that is noble.

The volume is dedicated to Julia Nelson, and a young girl by this name holds a prominent place in the story. She is a beautiful, generous and impulsive girl, who sometimes makes mistakes, but is never too proud to confess her fault and make amends. In fact, with all of his people and incidents, Mr. Whisner brings out the best in human nature.

"Hoosier School Girl" sends a very flattering description of Miss Prudence and says "she is neither thin, nor stout; possessing a quality of temper weighing about one hundred pounds." That would be dreadful to bear, but she later on explains that the weight was intended for Miss Prudence and not her "temper." She also offers a piece of peach pie and some peaches, as a peace offering and Miss Prudence cannot refuse those, so "Hoosier Girl" is invited to come again, and never fear the "temper" of the Chaperone.

A suggestion from an old friend is very welcome: "Your old friend—'Florido Bach'—begs to suggest to the M. G. R's. the study of astronomy as tending to keep our motto bright. Does history record a bad, or wicked man among astronomers of note?

Once get in earnest about this subject and it becomes fascinating and an inspiration to good thoughts and purposes. To those who live in the country the book of the sky is open every evening; no leaves to turn and those distant suns furnish the light—some ruby red, others green, yellow or white.

No need of rubber-necking, just watch a rising constellation in the east and you will soon make the acquaintance with the principal stars and find them friends that will stay by you for a lifetime, and never get out of their proper sphere: friends so exact in their movements that you can tell the time by them without looking at your watch. A "planisphere" gives the outline and name of every constellation, and time of rising during the year.—"Florida Bach."

Two new members come in today and tell us how they spend the vacation. "Vacation's come! Isn't it fine to realize when you waken in the morning these beautiful summer days that there is nothing to hurry you? If you want an extra hour or two of sleep you can take it, the only penalty attached being that you make your own coffee when you get up too late for the family breakfast. Then to know you have only your room to put in order, and be free to rest, or read, or go a-jaunting all the day long!

Oh there's nothing like it, when one has been teaching for the best part of ten long months! I enjoy my work to be sure, but I have not got beyond enjoying play just as well!

All of you may not be so favorably situated as I am, with the best of landladies who provides me with a big, cool room (well warmed in winter let me add) and three capital meals a day, when I am here eat them.

From our town many suburban lines extend into the country; we have several boats running every day from our harbor, to lake and river resorts, so there is no trouble about finding a place for an outing whenever the spirit moves me to sally forth, and when a rainy day comes along, with its restful, grey sky, and tireless "drip, drip," there is a great, old, soft couch drawn up in my window seat, where I lounge and read, write, doze, idly watch the falling drops and "recreate" in the fullest sense of that ofttimes misused word.

I have been a member of the 'Cademy for a long time, but this is my first appearance among the M. G. Rs., and I do hope they will like me, and ask me to come again!—"Belle Burritt." Ohio.

"Comfort in the Barn Loft!" Funny place to camp down for the summer, isn't it, girls? If you don't believe that it is jolly, come and see. There is room enough for all of you.

I ought to warn you, though, that the prime and principal reason for my taking to the barn this season is that I am doing my best to learn to play the violin. My family objected to my practicing as much as I found to be necessary in the house, and I attracted too much attention from the neighbors when I went outdoors, so I turned my despairing eyes loftward, and here I am as cozy as two bugs in two rugs.

Speaking of rugs, there is an ancient one covering the center of my "studio." Its tones are properly "subdued" by age and long usage, but it is clean and (comparatively) whole. A couch that once graced the platform in a country church, but which was long since relegated to this haven for outcasts, invites you to repose at one side of the rug. Various other articles of furniture in different stages of dilapidation add to the unique effect of this snuggery, but if you find the interior displeasing, just look out of the south window and see a view that is enchanting.

Long stretches of meadowland, with fields of ripening wheat and deep-green oats, lie directly in front, while off at the side is a "wood lot," where the young cattle are grazing, every now and then plashing down into the brook that runs between "ploughed field and woodland."

If I were inclined that way, I should "fall into poetry" every time I look out of that window, but I am not; however, it relieves the stress of my endeavor to learn the violin to glance that way occasionally.

There is a current of fresh air coming through my castle when the east window is open that blows over a field of red clover in full bloom, and if the "scents from Araby the blest" were any sweeter than that is, I wish I had lived "fornist" them. Do come and see me. I will agree to practice only intermittently while you are here!—Michigan Rose.

NEW METHOD OF WATERING PLANTS

Right here I want to tell the lover of hanging plants how I keep mine supplied with water. Plants suspended from the ceiling are not easy to get at, and are frequently neglected or forgotten for days at a time. As a result, they are generally sorry looking specimens. I take a tin can holding a pint or more. I make a hole in the bottom of it, just large enough to let water dribble through slowly. This I fill with water, and place on the soil in the center of the basket. Generally there will be foliage enough to conceal it. If there is not, it can be made inconspicuous by painting it a dull green. The slow, steady outflow of water will keep the soil evenly moist if the hole in the can is of the right size. This must be determined by experiment. It is an easy matter to fill the can every day, or oftener if necessary, and put it in place, but it is not an easy matter to mount a chair or the step-ladder and apply water in the old way.—Eben E. Rexford, in Lippincott's.

Banner Puzzlers

FOR MAY.

New Work.....Perry Cross.
Solutions .....Pauline

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was one of the best French novelists, and was born May 20, 1799, at Tours. At the age of 12 he entered the college of Vendome, but finished his studies at the Pension Lepitre in Paris. At the beginning of his literary career he wrote about 30 novels, which were very unsuccessful, and in 1826 he went into partnership with a printer and published various works. Although for a long time utterly unsuccessful, he persevered, and in 1829 wrote a novel that opened a path for him to a certain degree of literary fame. Most of his works suffer from a diffuseness, unnaturalness and want of knowledge of the world, but contain a richness of description in portraying individual features of character. As a dramatic author he failed decidedly. He died August 18, 1850.

CLEO DAVIS.

2.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters. My 6, 28, 1, 15, 20, 36, 14 is allve; my 16, 12, 19, 26, 7, 18 is pies, tarts, etc.; my 9, 24, 32, 2, 30, 13, 27, 17, 14 is lucky; my 25, 5, 33, 31 is a large sea-going vessel; my 4, 23, 10, 11, 22 is a large wading bird; my 21, 35, 3, 8, 29, 14, 28 is reproached; my 34, 1, 34 is a two-wheeled carriage. My whole is one of Poor Richard's proverbs.

HAWKEYE.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A 5-inch cube was painted and cut into 1-inch cubes. How many of these cubes have paint on 3 sides; how many have paint on 2 sides; how many have paint on 1 side, and how many have no paint?

LEWIS ANDERSON.

4.—A SHIELD.

X O X
X X X O X X X
X X O X X
X X O X X
X O X
O

1.—An arboreal animal.
2.—Domestic fowls.
3.—A measure or standard.
4.—A rowel; an issue.
5.—A luminary.
6.—A consonant.
Centrals give the name of the god of riches.

E. SUGDEN.

5.—QUERY.

Who was the inventor of metal types?

BUCKEYE JR.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote—
"First our pleasures die, and then
Our hopes and then our fears, and when
These are dead, the debt is due;
Dust claims dust, and we die, too."

C. W.

Answers to Puzzles of July 6.

1.—Wm. H. Crawford.
2.—T-issue, o-live, l-adder, e-motion, d-raft, o-pen, B-land, l-one, a-ware, d-ear, E-den. Decapitations — Toledo Blade.
3.—1 inch. (See Chat.)
4.—Words forming wine-glass: Satan, Thara, Abi, Belan. Centrals—Tabeal.
5.—The Bean-King's Festival did not originate in Boston, as might be thought, but is a social rite principally observed in France, from which country it was introduced into Germany. On the evening of Twelfth Day, companies assemble to spend a few hours in mirthful relaxation. A large cake is baked with a bean hidden somewhere in it. The cake is then divided into pieces, each person present receiving one, and whoever obtains the piece with the bean in it is king for the year. In this capacity he holds a mock court, and receives the homage of the company. To pay for his dignity he has to give the entertainment on the next Twelfth Night, that an opportunity may be given for choosing another king.
6.—John Randolph wrote:
"Live well, and then how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim Eternity."

Chat.

The solution sent by Sherman to his problem answered today is this:

One-half the difference between the diameter of the hollow and that of the entire ball will equal the thickness of the metal. 6 cubed is to the cube of the diameter of hollow ball as the whole weight minus the given weight; or (6 cubed:? cubed::27-27:8-27) equals 4 inches. 6 minus 4 equals 2, and ½ of 2 is 1.

Pauline was the only lady present this morning, with the following list of boys: Perry Cross, Buckeye Jr., W. P. E., Lewis Anderson, R. T. Weaver and Geo. Vore.

R. T. Weaver, your problem is too much on the algebraic order for the Column. Come again with another, and bring the answer with you if you want to see it in print.

Geo. Vore writes: "I have been thinking about the clock-hand problem, and have come to the conclusion that at 4 o'clock the hands form an obtuse angle, two of its sides being 8 and 10 inches, the other side required is the distance between the two points. An obtuse angle is greater than a right-angle, therefore it has no perpendicular line to any of its sides, and no base at right angles with any of its sides. Suppose it was 3 minutes past 8, the sides would be the same as at 8; then the sum of squares 8 and 10 with their product added and sq. rt. taken would make them the same distance from point to point as long as they formed an obtuse angle. I hardly think that would work.

"MIS' DOOZLEWAZZLE."

My ma had some callers,
Th' other afternoon,
'N' they got to talkin'
'Bout folks pretty soon.
I sat in th' lib'ry
In th' cozy nook,
Holdin' my big dolly,
'N' readin' my new book.
'N' I heard 'em talkin'
Softly like 'n' still,
'Bout a cert'n widow
'At lives up on th' hill.
How she dresses stylish,
'N' goes out on th' streets,
Tryin' to make eyes at
Ev'ry man she meets.
Makes her black eyes sparkle,
'N' her cheeks all red,
Jus' cause she's a widow,
'N' her husban's dead.
Sh'd think she'd stay t' home
'N' keep her mournin' on,
'N' be a feelin' sorry
'Cause her man is gone.
'N' I said, "Ma, who's that
Woman 'ats so bad?"
'N' ma spoke up sudd'n
Kind o' scairt 'n' mad,
"Oh, that's Mis' Doozlewazzle!"

Then they talked 'bout children,
Called 'em "little dears,"
'N' 'bout little pitchers
Havin' great big ears.
Can't fool me on pitchers,
Ain't got ears at all;
I know—'cause I let my
Ma's great big one fall
Off th' dinner table
When I went to drink,
'N' there was a million
Pieces I sh'd think.
Guess I know 'at pitchers
Ain't got any ears,
'N' when folks talk that way
They mean kids 'at hears
With their ears wide open
All 'at big folks say.
Till ma says, "Now, children,
You run out 'n' play!"
'N' I whisper, "Who's that
You're a talkin' 'bout?"
'N' ma says real cross-like
"Now you jus' clear out!
That's Mis' Doozlewazzle!"

'Nother time there's comp'ny
—I was sick that day—
Had a touch o' earache,
Couldn't go 'n' play.
I lay on th' sofy,
P'tendin' I's asleep,
Kept my eyes tight shut 'n'
Only took a peep
When they wasn't lookin'
'N' slipped th' cotton out,
So 'at I c'd hear what
They was talkin' 'bout.
This time 'twas an ol' maid
Thought she's young 'n' gay,
My ma said, "She's forty,
If she is a day."
An' 'cause she's got blue eyes,
Tries to bleach her hair,
'N' don't seem to know what
Plain ol' maids sh'd wear;
Tries to joke 'n' flirt
With all th' men in town;
"When a woman's forty
"T's time to sober down."
My ma said, and she knows,
'Cause she's forty past—
I heard my pa says so
Only night 'fore last.
'N' I said, "Ma, who's that
Woman 'th bleached hair?"
'N' ma answered quick, like
She'd fergot I's there,
"Oh, that's Mis' Doozlewazzle!"

Fr'm folks' conversation
All 'at I c'n hear
That Mis' Doozlewazzle
Mus' be awful queer!
Seems to be a widow,
'N' an ol' maid, too,
One day she's got black eyes,
'N' nex' day they're blue.
My! I'd like to see her!
Wouldn't I jus' stare
T' see 'f she's got a wig on,
'R only jus' bleached hair.
'N' I'd jus' like t' ask her
Which she'd druther be,
An ol' maid 'r widow
'N' if she can see
Jus' as well 'th black eyes
As she can 'th blue,
'N' a lot more questions
I sh'd ask her, too.
I've looked in th' D'rect'ry,
Run th' "D's" all down,
'N' there ain't no fam'ly
'Th that name in town.
Strange what inf'rmation
Children allus get,
When their mas are talkin'
Social etiket;
Meb.e I'm mistaken,
But I think, don't you,
If children mus'n't tell lies,
Big folks oughtn't to?
Th'r' ain't no Mis' Doozlewazzle!

LUELLA WILSON SMITH.

INDIAN LACE MAKING

No matter what trouble Katherine got into, she was sure to find some way to get out of it. From the time she had been a wee bit of a girl, her mother reached the conclusion that there was no use worrying about her.

One afternoon Katherine was left alone in the house. That is, no one was nearer than the kitchen, where Delia was busily ironing. Katherine's mother had gone to pay some calls in the neighborhood.

"What is there for a child to do?" she argued.

Mother laughed, advised her to stay at home and finish the story book she had gotten a week before on her birthday.

Katherine was delighted, for the story was fascinating. It was about a little boy named Charles, whose father was the King of England. Two parties were fighting for the possession of the throne, Charles' father and his uncle. During the contest the king hid his son away at a friend's house, fearing that his enemies might steal the boy. The prince was very handsome. He was not allowed to talk to anyone or see any person but an old servant who brought him his meals. He had already been three weeks in this prison room when one day something happened. He had grown tired of watching the sun as it poured through the high-latticed windows, and of hearing the happy voices of the harvesters singing outside. They were happy because they were free and this thought made the prince more miserable than ever.

The room in which the boy was imprisoned was called the Cedar Room. It was panelled chair high with wood, while above this were carved figures. These represented the gods and goddesses which the ancient Greeks and Romans worshipped long ago. Some of them amused the little boy while others annoyed him equally.

Charles took the greatest dislike to the goddess Minerva. This famous person had a remarkably ugly nose. It had gotten chopped off and was now worn off as flat as the nose of some princess of Ethopia.

"I won't put up with her nose any longer. I'll see if I can hit it," he said one day.

"Whizz!" went the string. Charles saw that he had hit the nose and the panel began of its own accord to slowly turn as if it were swung on a pivot. It only took a minute more for Charles to discover that behind this panel a secret passage was revealed, and following it the young prince was soon on his way out of his bondage.

Katherine had just gotten this far in her book when she heard the voice of her companion beneath her window. She opened the sash, thrust out her curly head and a pleasant chat followed between the two girls. Katherine's curls were long and yellow, and no doubt looked so pretty in the golden sunshine that some mischievous fairy could not resist the temptation to play them a trick.

Down came the window and Katherine turned to pick up her book and learn what happened further in the life of the prince. She had not turned more than a few inches when she discovered that she, like him, was a prisoner even as he had been. Her longest curl had caught in the hinge of the shutter, and the tightly closed window made her doubly a prisoner.

"What shall I do?" cried the terrified child. "I can't make Delia hear in the kitchen and mother won't be home before five. If I only had a bow and arrow, or even a pair of scissors! Wouldn't I cut off this curl quicker than I could say Jack Robinson!"

Patience was not one of Katherine's virtues. Instead of doing a little quiet thinking, she worried herself until the tears came and finally her head began to ache with her frantic efforts to free herself from the shutter.

When the situation was explained to her mother on her return what do you suppose she did? Instead of crying over the unfortunate Katherine as Katherine expected her to do, she seemed to be amused.

"You foolish child," began her mother. "Here you have been torturing yourself this whole long afternoon when all you had to do was to raise the window, release your hair from the shutter, when you would have been as free as Charles was when he found the secret passage."

When Katherine realized how foolish she had been, she decided the best thing she could do was to join in the laugh at her own expense.—Rochester Junior Post-Express.

THE REINDEER QUEEN

Alaska territory has a so-called "queen," who is a native born and native bred Eskimo woman. She is known far and wide as Sinrock Mary, "The Reindeer Queen."

The woman has been given this title because of the fact that she is the owner "in fee simple" of great herds of the valuable and highly prized reindeer.

Mrs. Sinrock Mary, who has been a widow for several years, lives on her immense reindeer ranch, at a place known as Sinrock, about thirty miles from Cape Nome, the great Alaskan mining town.

For some years the United States government, through its officials, has been making combined efforts to prevent the starvation of the Alaskian Eskimo tribes by furnishing them with herds of reindeer from across the seas.

The work has been going on for more than ten years and there are now upward of 50,000 of those most useful domestic animals domiciled among the many needy tribes of the remote north.

In some ways the reindeer is not a very hardy animal, though its home is in a rigorous, hyperborean region. As a matter of fact it is a rather delicate creature, and when the work of introducing the reindeer into Alaska was begun, it was found that the natives were not only ignorant of its habits and care, but were exceedingly averse to adopting the animal in place of the dog, it being practically impossible to rear the two animals together.

In order to prepare the natives for the care of the animals, and at the same time to bring about their adoption, the government officials after delivering the first herd on Seward peninsula, offered to give a number of the reindeer to any native Eskimo who would apprentice himself to the keepers of the herd for a period of months, and thus master the work of properly caring for the animals.

The very first native who offered himself to the officials for this work was Sinrock Charley, and he brought along his wife, Sinrock Mary. Side by side they herded and patiently cared for the reindeer under the direction of the herders who had been brought with the animals from Iceland. Soon Charley and Mary became very proficient in reindeer lore, and at the close of their apprenticeship the couple was presented a herd of the animals which, under their care, increased very rapidly.

MRS. SINROCK MARY.

About four years ago Charley, the husband, died, leaving to Mary all his property and herds.

Since then the widow has assumed all the cares and responsibilities of looking after the great and increasing herds, assisted by hired help. She has kept all her animals in the best possible condition, and her herds now include about 2,000—a much large number than is owned by any other one individual in Alaska territory. Hence, Sinrock Mary has meritoriously won the appellation of "The Reindeer Queen."

This Eskimo woman now finds herself rich, and on the highway to greater wealth. She is much respected for her domestic virtues and moral and business qualities and, though uneducated, she displays remarkable tact and shrewdness.

For several years, in fact ever since the discovery of gold at Cape Nome, "the queen," has made a great amount of money by hiring out her reindeer to packers and prospectors for service in transporting provisions, supplies, etc., from place to place over the vast stretches of snow and ice, and as her herds are constantly increasing, so the wealth of this thrifty woman goes on expanding.—The Four Track News.

THIS 20 Year GUARANTEED WATCH for $3.50

$3.50

A bona-fide offer by America's greatest mail order watch house, the old established and reliable R. E. Chalmers & Co. The editor of this paper will tell you that we are thoroughly reliable.

GENTS OR LADIES SIZE

The best, handsomest and most perfect genuine American 14 karat gold plated watch ever offered for sale at any price. Double hunting case, rich solid gold pattern of engraving, assorted designs. Fitted with the very best seven jeweled American movement on the market, stem wind and stem set, accurate to the second and absolutely guaranteed to keep perfect time for 20 YEARS. Positively the greatest bargain on the face of the Earth. Cut this out.

SEEING IS BELIEVING, and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch to your express office for examination. You examine it at your express office and if as represented pay express agent our bargain sale price $3.50 and express charges and it is yours. Be sure to mention in your letter when ordering whether you want a Ladies' Watch or a Gentlemen's Watch, we have it in both sizes, and order to-day as this will not appear again. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

$3.50

ROOSEVELT SAILS NORTH

Peary's Ship Starts on Trip to North Pole.

New York, July 17.—The Roosevelt, in which Captain Robert E. Peary hopes to reach the north pole, started on her long journey Sunday. Captain Peary and a party of guests were on board at the start, and remained with the ship on her trip down the bay, but they left her at the Narrows, returning to the city on a navy tug. Captain Peary started last night by rail for Sydney, C. B., where he will join the ship.

On board the vessel, besides the explorer's party, were a number of guests and newspaper men, who accompanied the ship as far as Sandy Hook, where they were taken off by a navy yard tug, sent out by Admiral Coughlan. A launch bearing a party of excursionists attempted to run close alongside the Roosevelt after she was under way, and nearly collided with her.

The Roosevelt was saluted by all manner of steam and sailing craft on her way to sea.

She passed out The Narrows at 4:45 p. m.

DONNELLY IS SLUGGED

President of Butchers' Union Hurt During Election Fight—Police Taken From Wagons.

Chicago, July 17.—The frequently deferred plan of Mayor Dunne to take policemen off the wagons of firms affected by the strike of the teamsters, went in effect today in the business district. About three hundred policemen were returned to ordinary duties. For a time business streets and crossings will be guarded by additional policemen. Specially guarded routes to all freight stations will be taken by wagons for the strike affected firms. As a preliminary to the change today, the police on wagons in the business district have for a week been in plain clothing instead of uniforms.

The express drivers formerly employed by the seven railway express companies, will remain on strike for the present, at least. This was decided on yesterday by the members of the Express Drivers' union, when a referendum vote was taken on the proposition of calling off the strike. The decision to continue the struggle was carried by a majority of 42 votes.

A serious riot was narrowly averted last night between union and nonunion teamsters. Nearly a hundred nonunion teamsters who have taken the places of the strikers, have been living in the vicinity of union headquarters. When the union men were leaving Bricklayers' hall last night, they encountered some nonunion drivers. A general fight was soon in progress. Clubs and bricks were being used indiscriminately, and several shots were fired, but the police, who had been summoned when the trouble commenced, arrived in time to prevent bloodshed. It was necessary to make several arrests, however, before the opposing factions could be separated.

Later in the day another disturbance was furnished by the delegates to a meeting of a Chicago Federation of Labor. Dissatisfaction over the manner in which the election of the officers of the federation was being carried on, brought about trouble. During the disturbance revolvers were drawn and the ballot boxes were destroyed. Michael Donnelly, president of the Amalgamated Butchers' union, was severely beaten by the rioters, and was taken unconscious from the hall. Many other persons were cut and bruised, but Donnelly was the only one who received serious injury. It was necessary to call the police to restore order.

FLEETS ARE REINFORCED.

England Adds to Her Squadrons Stationed Around Europe.

London, July 14.—The admiralty has just completed the scheme of naval redistribution outlined by the Earl of Selborne, former first lord of the admiralty, in December last, by the addition of numerous battleships to the channel, Atlantic, Mediterranean and reserve squadrons. There are now concentrated in the nearby seas no fewer than forty-five battleships, all of modern construction, fifteen armored and twenty-seven other cruisers with their accompanying torpedo boat flotillas, all ready for war at an instant's notice, as well as reserve vessels provided with the nuclei of the crews. All the squadrons will be in immediate touch with the admiralty. The eastern fleet will consist of three groups with bases respectively at Hong Kong, Aden and Sydney, while another cruiser division at the Cape of Good Hope will form a connecting link.

This concentration has been arranged much earlier than had been expected on account of the naval developments in far eastern waters permit the recall of battleships from China stations.

BELIEVES JAPAN HONEST.

China Has Confidence in Fair Dealing in Peace Negotiations.

Yokohama, July 14.—Dr. Morrison, London Times correspondent, who is on the way to Washington, says that China confidently expects that peace will be made between Japan and Russia, relying on Japan's selection of plenipotentiaries to cause a cessation of hostilities.

Regarding China's presentation at the peace conference, Dr. Morrison said that a certain section of China wanted representation in the proceedings, but as the conference will not be of an international character these Chinese had been urged not to prosecute their designs. Wiser counsels had vetoed the idea, being willing to trust to Japanese equity. Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai, the most influential man in China, is confident that Japan will act in good faith.

Dr. Morrison thought that the sentiment against America among the Chinese was subsiding, and that it had never become as widespread as had been represented. He did not think the Chinese would boycott for any great length of time goods that they had found profitable to handle. Dr. Morrison will leave on the steamer Tartar.

NEEDLE DRAWN FROM BODY

Huge Magnet Used to Secure One Swallowed Fifty Years Ago.

Worcester, Mass., July 14.—After being fifty years in the body of Mrs. Anne E. Blake, of this city, a needle an inch and a quarter long was drawn out by the aid of a giant magnet. The operation was in charge of Dr. Mary C. Barrell. It occupied three-quarters of an hour, and Mrs. Blake, who is sixty-two years old, refused anaesthetics.

Mrs. Blake recollects having swallowed a pin, she says, but not a needle, when she was a girl of twelve. The needle which was drawn out today bore the appearance of a black-headed pin, except that it was much sharper.

"The result of the operation showed the needle had been almost five decades working from the stomach to the surface of the body," said Dr. Barrell.

CHAPEL ROOF COLLAPSES

Sixteen Women Are Killed and Thirty-two Injured at Fermo.

Fermo, Italy, July 17.—The roof of the chapel of the women's hospital fell in this morning during the celebration of mass, killing sixteen women and injuring thirty-two.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

A ROYAL BOY IN SCHOOL

Portuguese Prince, Who Is an Ardent Student.

Lisbon, July 14.—A highly interesting event took place at Necessidades palace when the Duque de Beja, the king and queen's younger son, was examined by the professors on the different subjects he has been studying of late. The king and queen and Crown Prince Luiz Filippe were present throughout the examination, as also Condessa de Seisal, in waiting on Queen Amelia; Conde Sahugosa, Conde d'Arnoso and Conde da Ribeira.

The young prince was examined in French by M. Boeve, in German by Herr Kerausch, in English by Mr. Alfred King, in Portuguese by the Rev. Piadeiro, and finally in mathematics (the youthful scholar's favorite subject, and one for which he shows astonishing ability) by Senhor M. Leitao.

By the way, the following time table,

KING CARLOS' SECOND SON

showing how the king and queen of Portugal's two sons pass their days, may prove interesting to readers of The Blade: They rise at 6 and sit down to their books until 8:30. Then follows half an hour's interruption, after which studies are resumed at 9. At midday they have breakfast; lessons fill up the rest of the afternoon until 4:30, when books are laid aside for the day; their highnesses then either drive or ride out, go for a spin in an automobile or play tennis; at 7 they dine and at 9:30 go to bed, except on the rare occasions when they go to a theatre. Thursdays are half-holidays.

THREW THEM INTO PANIC

Japanese Attack on Sakhalin Took Russians by Surprise.

London, July 14.—The corespondent of the Daily Telegraph at Tokio sends a description of the Japanese invasion of the island of Sakhalin, written by a correspondent of the paper at Aomori, Japan, which is in part as follows:

"The Japanese left their temporary base July 4, and reached their destination July 7. The Russian cruiser Novik was found at Cape Endumea stranded on a reef, half submerged. The Russians fired only three or four shells before they destroyed the fort, the jetties and the barracks. Heavy guns, undamaged, were afterward found at the forts, where they had been hastily and imperfectly mounted.

"The greatest confusion was witnessed in the streets of Korsakovsk. The Russian troops were rushing in all directions, carrying cooking utensils on their shoulders and the men were passing about the streets looting and setting fire to the buildings.

"All the citizens were panic stricken, many of them setting fire to their own houses. The conflagration continued for nearly three days. The streets are now desolated and obstructed with the ruins of charred buildings.

"Finding that the Japanese respected property and treated the people kindly, the citizens are beginning to return."

IZUMRUD IS TOTAL WRECK

Russian Warship, Blown Up, Cannot Be Used by Japanese.

Tokio, July 17.—Admiral Yamada, commanding a squadron sent north on a reconnaisance, reports that the Russian cruiser Izumrud is a complete wreck, and that there is no hope of refloating her. The vessel lies beached, heading wast-southwest, on the northern point of the southern entrance to Vladimir bay, about 200 miles northeast of Vladivostok.

A report by Captain Baron Ferzen, of the Izumrud, said that during the battle of the sea of Japan, the Izumrud was cut off from the remainder of the fleet, and steamed at full speed for Vladivostok with Japanese cruisers in pursuit. Subsequently he changed his course, and made for Vladimir bay, arriving there on the night of May 29. At 1:30 o'clock in the morning of May 30, the Izumrud ran on a reef at the entrance of the bay, and being short of coal, the captain ordered the crew ashore and blew up the vessel.

VEILED ATTACK ON CZAR

Picture of Him With Harsh Criticism Published in Russian Paper.

St. Petersburg, July 15.—A sketch of "A Department Chief," which has appeared in the Slovo, is attracting much attention. Palpably it is a thinly disguised but cleverly drawn portrait of the emperor, painting him as a vacillating chief whose subordinates are always courting his favor, but are never sure of their positions with the result that there is complete chaos in the "department."

Like Quidde's famous portrait of Emperor William, in Caligula, which attracted so much attention in Germany a few years ago, but the author of which escaped punishment for lese majeste by avoiding the use of the emperor's name, the present publication gives the authorities no handle whereby they can punish either the paper or the author of the sketch.

AN ERA OF GOOD FEELING

French and English Naval Officers Are Having Good Time.

Brest, July 12.—The Franco-British naval festivities continue to arouse much enthusiasm. The British commander, Rear Admiral May gave a luncheon at noon today to the French officers. The health of King Edward and President Loubet was drunk with toasts expressing the united spirit of the French and British navies.

The parties of British sailors who have landed here have been enthusiastically received by the French sailors and townspeople. The harbor front and main streets are elaborately decorated with British and French emblems and flags.

The municipality of Brest gave a garden party to the British officers this afternoon. The latter will leave Brest for Paris tonight to take part in the celebration of the French national holiday, July 14.

Approves Baptist Alliance.

London, July 17.—The Baptist congress at today's session approved the constitution of the new Baptist World alliance, the objects being to promote good fellowship and co-operation among the Baptists of all countries. All unions or associations of Baptist churches can join. The executive committee will consist of seven members from the United States, five from Great Britain, two from Canada and seven from the rest of the world.

Dubuque Goes Aground.

Highlands of Navesilk, N. J., July 13.—The United States gunboat Dubuque is aground in the Horseshoe, lower New York bay, near Spermaceti Cove. The wind is light and sea smooth. The warship is in no danger.

TO REORGANIZE THE NAVY

Czar Realizes Something Is Radically Wrong.

St. Petersburg, July 13.—The announcement of the appointment of Vice Admiral Birileff as minister of marine in succession to Admiral Avelan, which is gazetted this morning is coupled with a highly significant rescript in which the emperor charges the new minister not only with the task of rebuilding the navy, but also with that of reforming and reorganizing the whole system. The minister is instructed to eradicate the faults which have developed under the stress of war, to remedy the conditions which led to the recent mutinies in the Black Sea and to inspire the personnel of the navy with a new spirit of discipline and devotion.

The emperor, in his rescript, particularly emphasizes the need of better education and technical training on the part of the officers and instructs Admiral Birileff to instill a love of the profession and an esprit de corps among the younger officers by voyages to foreign ports.

The rescript declares that coast defense is the first and most sacred duty of the ministry of marine, coming before the construction of a new navy.

Speaking of the "revolting events in the Black Sea," the emperor holds the officers and men of the fleet equally culpable, declaring that these events displayed a complete lack of discipline among the crews and neglect of duty on the part of the officers. The emperor insists on a full and careful investigation of the mutinies among the sailors of the Black Sea fleet and that the most severe punishment be meted out to the guilty ones.

By the emperor's rescript, not usually issued on the appointment of a minister, Admiral Birileff becomes the first full minister of the Russian navy, reporting directly to the emperor. His predecessor held only an acting warrant under a grand ducal chief.

ALLIANCE TALK DENIED

German Foreign Office Has Heard Nothing of It.

Berlin, July 14.—The substance of the statement made at Stockholm yesterday to the effect that a German-Swedish alliance was seriously contemplated was submitted to the foreign office here today and the authoritative statement was made that the question of an alliance between Germany and Sweden had never before the foreign office, nor had it been discussed to the slightest extent.

Of course the foreign office could not deny that Emperor William and King Oscar had not spoken of an alliance during their interview at Gelle every day because the subjects of their conversation are not known here.

BELIEVES PEACE IS SURE

Russian People Happy Over Witte's Appointment.

St. Petersburg, July 14.—M. Witte's appointment as chief Russian peace plenipotentiary was announced today in the Official Messenger in the following words:

"Owing to the serious illness which overtook M. Muravieff on his arrival in St. Petersburg, which made it impossible for him to familiarize himself at short notice with the considerable material connected with the negotiations his majesty, the emperor, has been pleased to appoint President of the Committee of Ministers Witte to the post of chief plenipotentiary."

Spontaneously all parties recognize that M. Witte's selection makes for a successful termination of the peace negotiations. The mere fact that the emperor at last yielded to the pressure for Witte's appointment is accepted as being a complete assurance that he is sincerely determined to end the conflict and make peace if a possible basis is obtainable.

Every influence which championed M. Witte was for peace, while on the contrary in every instance those who opposed him were for a prolongation of the struggle. France, through Ambassador Nelidoff, strongly urged him for the post, but the main credit for M. Witte's selection belongs to Foreign Minister Lamsdorff, who never ceased to press for his election. Count Lamsdorff and M. Witte are now in close alliance, and when M. Boulign retires from the ministery of the interior all the ministers will at least be in harmony, especially should Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, as rumor today intimates, return to the head of the ministry of the interior.

The papers here generally were not aware last night that M. Witte's appointment was an accomplished fact, but with one voice those in the secret hail his selection with intense satisfaction. Even the Novoe Vremya, which has not believed that an honorable peace is possible, seems willing to trust the issue in M. Witte's hands.

FRENCH SPY IS RELEASED

Japanese Government Pardons Man Who Sold Army Secrets.

Tokio, July 17.—Premier Katzura, on the authority of Emperor Mutsuhito, has signed a pardon for Captain A. E. Bougouin and Maki, the Japanese clerk. The amnesty includes freedom from police surveillance.

Captain Bougouin, a prominent French resident of Tokio, and formerly attached to the French legation there, together with his stepson, F. Strange, who is an Englishman, and Maki, a Japanese clerk who acted as Bougouin's assistant, were arrested in May charged with being spies for Russia. Bougouin was sentenced to ten years at hard labor, the judgment declaring that he had been engaged in searching for and reporting artillery secrets. Maki confessed and was also sentenced. Strange was released after the preliminary examination in June, there not being enough evidence at hand to warrant holding him.

HOT WEATHER TO STAY.

Washington, July 18. — The weather bureau last night announced that there was no prospect for several days at least, of a let up of the extreme heat which has extended over the country for the past few days. The entire country from the Mississippi valley eastward, to southern New England and the Florida coast is in the midst of a well marked midsummer hot spell.

The maximum temperatures today were as follows: Philadelphia, 96; Chicago, 94; Cincinnati, 94; New York, 94; Detroit, 94; Washington, 93; St. Louis, 92; Pittsburg, 92; Boston, 90.

Will Petition President.

Washington, July 17.—Four hundred mechanics of the government navy yard here met yesterday and appointed a committee of two to confer with the President at Oyster Bay in order to secure from him an order allowing the navy yard employes Saturday half holidays during the summer, as in the case of the employes in the executive department. A telegram was sent the President asking him when he will see them.

General Porter Home.

New York, July 14.—Gen. Horace Porter, former ambassador to France and more recently the senior special American ambassador appointed to receive the body of John Paul Jones, returned home today on the steamer Deutschland.

CZAR CHANGES HIS MIND

Now He's Said to Favor Class Representation.

St. Petersburg, July 13.—According to a statement current here last night there has been another radical change in the program for a national assembly which will involve the supersession of the whole Minister of the Interior Bouligin's project by one based distinctively upon class representation, a system against which the Moscow Zemstvo congress took a stand.

This new project, it is said, will be considered by the council of ministers under the presidency of the emperor, reinforced by the grand dukes and a number of high court officials. The emperor's conversion to the class representation project is attributed to the influence and party leadership of the landed nobility, the views of which were placed before his majesty in an address presented by Count Bobrinsky, president of the constitutional conservative party, and Count Sheremetieff, in behalf of what is denominated the Patriotic league.

Despite the popular idea here as well as abroad that Russia is ruled by the bureaucracy it is nearer to the truth to say he is ruled by a small oligarchy of grand dukes and about thirty great noble families who have access to the court and who make the bureaucracy their tool. With class instead of general representation they believe they can control not only the members of the nobility, who are extensive landowners, but the peasants who live on their estates and, thus buttressed, the bureaucracy will have to protect its own interests.

The emperor himself is the largest land owner, owning more land than all the peasants of European Russia, and over 300 palaces.

DERIDES GERMAN FLEET

Says France Should Tie to Great Britain.

Paris, July 12.—Former Foreign Minister Delcasse in the course of an interview published by the Gaulois today upon the British and French naval amenities at Brest, was induced to discuss his general policy relative to Great Britain and Germany. He said:

"The policy of nations nowadays is not based on sentiment or antipathy, but upon their material interests. As between Germany and Great Britain our commercial balance shows where our interests lie. Great Britain is our best purchaser, while Germany buys almost nothing of us and tries to sell us all she can. Moreover it is evident that we could not leave open irritating controversies with Great Britain which might precipitate an armed struggle, for Great Britain holds indisputably the empire of the seas. For every warship we build she builds four or five. It is therefore well to accept these manifest facts and consider the value which British co-operation would give us in certain eventualities. The greatest intrinsic value of such co-operation would be the virtual impossibility in which it would place Germany of making war upon us."

M. Delcasse was asked if he considered the recent menaces in connection with Morocco as being serious. He replied:

"Not at all. In case of war Great Britain would be surely with us against Germany, and then what would the infant fleet of Germany amount to. What would become of her ports, of her commerce? of her merchant marine? It would mean annihilation. That is the real significance of the present exchange of visits of the British and French squadrons. An understanding between these two powers and a coalition of their navies would create a naval war machine so powerful that neither Germany nor any other power would risk conclusions upon the sea. It is the sea which it is necessary to command today and the war in the far east has conclusively demonstrated that."

Continuing, M. Delcasse discussed the probable effect of his policy if it had been pursued.

"The Anglo-French cordial understanding," he said, "was an achievement toward a definite understanding between Russia and Great Britain, and this further understanding would have been the work of the French minister for foreign affairs. The success of such a task would have strengthened our influence in British councils and assured for a long time the peace of the world."

In conclusion M. Delcasse was asked for his opinion of France's accepting a conference on Morocco to which he gave the following textual response:

"To go to a conference is a mistake—and such a mistake!"

PLOT TO BLOW UP CZAR

Vast Store of Dynamite Found In Moscow Palace.

New York, July 13.—A World dispatch from London contains the following from the Vienna correspondent of the Daily Telegraph:

"Private letters from St. Petersburg state that the police have discovered elaborate preparations for blowing up the castle of Ilinskoje, near Moscow, where the czar with the imperial family intended to take up a brief residence. Beneath the apartments destined for his majesty's use a subterranean passage is said to have been found leading to a cellar where 250 pounds of dynamite lay concealed.

"The police have made many arrests, apprehending, among others, two engineers who conducted the cleaning and decorating of the apartments at the castle.

"This intelligence, associated with the murder of Shuvaieff, has made a deep impression.

"The czar has now given up all idea of staying at Ilinskoje."

OUTLAWS KILLED BY JAPS

Sixty of Them Are Wiped Out Within a Week in Korea.

San Francisco, July 12. — A story of wholesale execution at the little village of Taikiu, a hundred miles inland from Fusan, Korea, has been brought to San Francisco by the Rev. P. E. McFarland, a missionary who came home on the steamer Korea.

In less than a week sixty men, charged with being bandits and cutthroats were hanged by order of the Japanese government. For many months bands of outlaws had been robbing and murdering in the country surrounding Taikiu. The situation became so serious that the Japanese ordered the extermination of the offenders. The commission was intrusted to a detachment of Korean warriors, who caught the men and hanged them.

COURT SETS DOWIE FREE

Head Zionist Has Paid Nearly All Debts With Interest.

Chicago, July 12.—John Alexander Dowie had all bankruptcy proceedings against him dismissed yesterday in the United States district court by Judge S. B. Bethea, yesterday.

According to Dowie's attorneys, all of the claims mentioned in the original petition, amounting to something like $400,000, have been substantially paid off with interest. More than a year and a half has been consumed in the controversy.

CREW TO GO UNPUNISHED

Russia Gives Up Hope of Catching Crew of Kniaz Potemkine.

St. Petersburg, July 13.—Russia has abandoned the idea of trying to secure the extradition of the men of the battleship Kniaz Potemkine, who mutinied.

SATISFIED WITH WITTE

Russian Press Generally Shows Pleasure.

St. Petersburg, July 15.—The Sviet, which sometimes interprets the view of the military party, today indignantly rejects the interpretation put on M. Witte's appointment abroad, namely that it is equivalent to the acceptance of any peace terms Japan may choose to offer except leveling the fortifications of Vladivostok.

The paper calls attention to Emperor Nicholas' marginal notes on various addresses expressing his determination to continue the war and especially refers to his telegram to Lieutenant General Linevitch, June 14, which the commander-in-chief read to the army and which has just been published here, in which the emperor pledged himself to do everything possible to lighten the heavy task of the army and expressed confidence that all obstacles would finally be overcome and that the war would end happily for the Russian arms, as proof that the emperor has no intention to make peace at any price. As further evidence the Sviet draws attention to the unusual note attached to the official announcement of M. Witte's appointment which says:

"Being intimately acquainted with the situation, M. Witte undoubtedly will be equal to the high and important mission with which the emperor has graciously charged him and knows how to protect the interests of Russia."

The Slovo thinks that the desire of Great Britain in view of Emperor William's attitude toward France to see Russia rehabilitated in order to preserve the balance of power in Europe and should become a strong diplomatic weapon in the hands of the Russian plenipotentiaries for the restoration practically of the "status quo ante bellum."

The Bourse Gazette says that inasmuch as Japan appreciates M. Witte's sincere desire for peace the ground at the outset is cleared of distrust and suspicion. At the same time the paper adds Japan will find that while M. Witte will be reasonable he will make no disgraceful or humiliating concessions. The Bourse Gazette considers it likely that the negotiations will result not only in peace, but in a close and lasting rapprochement.

GERMANY MAY BE FRIEND

Russia Wants Help in Resisting Jap Demands.

St. Petersburg, July 17.—The Novoe Vremya today prints the following statement of Russian position, which may be inspired:

"Russia can consent only to such a peace as will not affect the dignity or vital interests of the empire. To act otherwise would be fatal to Russia and would threaten all Europe. Europe no longer believes in Japan's assurances that she will not restrict European interests in the far east.

"Even in England and America the voices of moral instigators can be heard in favor of the indirect interference of the powers to moderate Japan's demands.

"Our plenipotentiaries must remember that they must defend the interests not only of Russia but also of the other Caucasian powers, and they will find moral support in Berlin, Paris, Washington and perhaps even in London. Our army in the field is much stronger than it was fifteen months ago.

"The Hamburger Nachricten proposes that Europe intimate to Japan that extreme demands will be resisted by Europe in general, especially Germany. This is a valuable statement. We must ascertain the acceptable maximum of our concessions to Japan from the European point of view and act accordingly."

Strike Is Averted.

Warsaw, July 17.—The directors of the Warsaw & Vienna railroad have issued an order permitting the use of, and equal footing of, both the Polish and Russian languages by the employes. This concession averts a strike by the workmen which was threatened if they were not permitted to use the Polish language in the transaction of railway business.

Landowner Killed.

Motauk, Russia, July 17.—Baron Bistrom, a large land owner, has been killed, and Baron Hahn, another land owner, wounded by agitators.

Sergeant Is Killed.

Warsaw, July 17.—A sergeant of detectives was shot and killed here today by an unknown man. A patrol of infantry while pursuing the assassin fired a volley, killing a merchant.

CHIEF BRIBER SUICIDES.

Echo of Old Panama Scandal Comes With Death of Arton.

Paris, July 17.—Emile Arton, one of the principal figures in the old Panama canal scandal, was found dead in his apartments this morning under circumstances indicating suicide.

Arton was sentenced in 1896 to eight years' imprisonment for complicity with Baron De Reinach and Dr. Cornelius Herse in the frauds of the Panama Canal company. Arton was the intermediary between Baron De Reinach and the incriminated French deputies; that is, between the briber and the bribed. Arton wrote the checks and had the checkbook on whose stubs was recorded the guilt of about one hundred and forty politicians. He alone possessed the secrets of the bribery.

When the crash came in 1892 Arton disappeared, and with him went about $740,000 of the funds of the French Dynamite society, with which Arton was associated. In his absence he was sentenced, on the charge of trying to bribe a deputy, to five years' imprisonment and to twenty years' imprisonment for his connection with the French Dynamite society. Arton was finally captured in London and taken to France, but was pardoned in 1899.

De Reinach committed suicide, and Dr. Herse, after seeking refuge in England, died there in 1898.

WOULD MURDER ADMIRAL

Brother of Italian Minister of Marine Is Attacked--Wife Is Injured.

Naples, July 17.—An attempt was made early this morning to murder Admiral Mirabello, brother of Admiral Mirabello, the Italian minister of marine, who is residing at Portici, a small coasting and fishing port and residential town on the Bay of Naples. The admiral's wife was seriously injured while defending her husband.

RETAINS THE ENGINEERS.

Secretary Bonaparte Sustains Pair Contractors Objected To.

Washington, July 15.—Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte has revoked the orders recently issued for the transfer of Civil Engineer J. W. W. Walker and F. H. Harris from the Charleston, S. C., navy yard to other stations. Soon after these orders were issued they were suspended at the President's direction and an investigation made into the matter of the alleged difference between the engineer officers and the contractors for the dock now being built at that yard. Citizens of Charleston forwarded a petition here requesting that the officers be retained.

RAILROAD CASUALTIES DECREASE FOR QUARTER

Washington, July 17. — Accident bulletin No. 15, just issued by the interstate commerce commission, giving an account of railroad accidents in the United States during the months of January, February and March, 1905, shows that during that quarter there were 28 passengers and 204 employes killed and 1,651 passengers and 2,062 employes injured in train accidents, making in all 232 persons killed and 3,713 injured in train accidents. Other accidents to passengers and employes, not the result of collisions or derailments, bring the total number of casualties up to 15,306 (909 killed and 14,397 injured).

There was a decrease of 42 in the total number of persons killed as compared with the quarter ending December 31, 1904.

The number of collisions and derailments was 3,108, 1,787 collisions and 1,321 derailments, of which 284 collisions and 177 derailments affected passenger trains. The damage to cars, engines and roadway by these accidents amounted to $2,449,248. There was an increase of 27 in the numer of collisions and of 131 in the number of derailments as compared with the last preceding quarter. The total number of employes reported killed in coupling and uncoupling cars during this quarter was 62.

LAWSON'S PLAN SECRET

Has One That Will Knock System Galley West.

Minneapolis, July 14.—Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, was the guest of the Minneapolis Commercial club last night. Mr. Lawson spoke before three hundred members of the club after luncheon. He said in part:

"I have several millions myself, and I wronged the American people in getting it. But I did not know it at the time. When the time comes I will give that money back.

"John D. Rockefeller is worth five hundred million, and I can sit down and show you in a week's time how he got every penny of it. There is no secret about it. Every dollar that John Rockefeller has he got dishonestly.

"If I live, I'm going to make the American people sell every dollar's worth of stock they have, and by that time they'll know better than to buy back."

Mr. Lawson scored the Equitable Life Assurance company heavily.

St. Paul, Minn., July 14.—Thomas W. Lawson gave a talk to a large audience at the People's church last night. Mr. Lawson declared that should his so-called remedy, which he did not make public, be put into effect, there would be a great financial revolution; there would be no more stock fluctuations; the money stolen from the people by the "system," would be returned to the people; and, because railroads and industrial corporations would have only to earn a fair percentage on the true value of their investments, the cost of living would be reduced and wage earners would be able to enjoy greater luxuries and to lay by a greater portion of their earnings.

As to when he would propound this remedy, he said that it would be foolish to make it known until the people were ready for it; otherwise the "system" would find means to render it non-effective. The people must first get rid of their stocks and bonds; sell them to the "system" at the present inflated prices, and then when the "system" was forced to let them go, the people should buy them back cheaply, and forever keep the control in their own hands.

When this had been accomplished, his remedy, which he declared to be a simple business proposition, could be put into effect and there would never again be inflation of capital stocks. As to whether his plan was a dangerous one, he replied that it was; that is, dangerous "for the other fellow." A panic might ensue; in fact he hoped and believed a panic would ensue, but not until the people had sold their stocks to the "system."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

"My friends," said Mr. Lawson, "Wall street is nothing but a trick machine. Every year Rockefeller, Rogers, Morgan and others of their class, run the American people through that machine from one end to the other, and as they pass through the money in their pockets falls into the 'system's' bucket. What I propose to you is simply to reverse the operation; run the 'system' through the other way, and in that manner separate them from their ill-gotten gains and return their stolen millions to the rightful owners, the American people."

SHONTS SEES PRESIDENT

He and John F. Stevens Talk Over Isthmian Canal Matters.

Oyster Bay, L. I., July 14.—President Roosevelt today had as visitors Kogoro Takahira, the Japanese minister, and Theodore P. Shonts and John E. Stevens, respectively the chairman and chief engineer of the isthmian canal commission. Mr. Takahira made an engagement several days ago to see the President today. It was his desire to discuss with Mr. Roosevelt not only the arrangements for the reception of the peace plenipotentiaries at Sagamore Hill, but also to consider some details of the peace conference at Portsmouth, N. H.

Chairman Shonts and Chief Engineer

JOHN F. STEVENS
COURTESY OF PHILIPPINE MONTHLY.

Stevens are here to consult the President generally in relation to canal matters. The President had not met Mr. Stevens since his appointment to succeed Mr. Wallace as chief engineer.

TRY TO STOP PEARY TRIP

Government Officials Fine Him for Leaving Without Papers.

New York, July 15.—An attempt to detain Peary's arctic ship Roosevelt has been made by persons, who notified the treasury department that the vessel had left Portland, Me., for New York, without her clearance papers.

The government officials promptly imposed a fine of $500.

The captain of the ship was summoned to the custom house and was notified that the sum must be paid immediately. Members of the Peary Arctic club acted promptly, furnishing a bond for the amount and thus avoided any complications. They also have sent a vigorous protest to Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, asking that the action of the department's officials be rescinded. They believe that the sailing of the Roosevelt will not be delayed for a single day.

Free Catarrh Cure

No More Bad Breath

C. E. GAUSS,
Discoverer of this Grand Cure.

Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes bad breath, ulcerations, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address today and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 356 Main St., Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

C. E. GAUSS, 3546 Main Street,
Marshall, Mich.

.....

.....

.....

ON CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

"God's Requirements Only as He Has Given Us Ability to Do," Says the Oil King.

Cleveland, O., July 15.—The Christian faith demands that every man must do according to that which he hath or according to that with which he has been blest. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, last night testified that he is attempting to live his life along the lines laid down in this Scriptural injunction. With the remark that he had been thrilled by the testimony of those who preceded him, Mr. Rockefeller last night testified at the regular weekly prayer meeting of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church as to what the building of a Christian character meant to him.

It was anticipated by the large prayer meeting attendance that Mr. Rockefeller would make some answer to recent criticism of his business methods. Mr. Rockefeller made no definite reference to the criticism, saying only that he is attempting to live the life of a Christian according to that which he hath.

The special topic of the meeting last night was "Character Building." A dozen prayers by different worshipers were silently joined in by Mr. Rockefeller, who bowed his head on the chair in front of him.

Then Rev. F. W. Hagar, assistant pastor of the Euclid Avenue church, briefly amplified on the subject of the evening. He recalled the building of the temple of Solomon and related how it was done silently and without any blare of trumpets by the builders.

"And so with Christian character building it is the silent, prayerful, soulful, unobtrusive Christian effort that counts," said the pastor.

A number of persons had testified when Mr. Rockefeller arose.

"I have been greatly helped and inspired by the testimony offered here tonight," he said. "The way for all of us to do Christian work is for each to do according as he hath.

"There are two men who appear equally zealous in the cause of Christ. But one is more effective than the other. The thing to do is to find out the secret of the effectiveness of the one. The beginning of the application of our Christianity must come now, tonight, tomorrow morning in our homes or in the office. Sometimes it has seemed to me that I might advance the Christian faith by assisting in the endowment of chairs in theological seminaries. The world needs teachers of the faith.

"However humble we may be, whatever our place, it matters not, we can show the best side. We must show the most winsome and convincing side. In fact we must show that we love God.

"It may be a trivial thought and perhaps I cannot express it as I desire to do, but I must tell you. In making our manifestations of Christian faith we must do that which counts most. This may be only a simple word or a cordial handshake.

"The world is a rushing, pushing throng. Everyone seems to be striving to get ahead. It is a sweetly comforting thought that the requirements of God are only according as he has given us ability to do. It is a blessed encouragement that everyone of us can have a part in this character building, not only for ourselves, but for the upbuilding of the church of God.

"How blessed, how Godlike it all is. I thank you."

As Mr. Rockefeller sat down, led by Rev. Mr. Hagar, the worshipers joined in the strains of "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Following the meeting Mr. Rockefeller engaged in animated conversation with a number of the members on church matters. He was followed to his automobile by several friends. Wrapping a thin top coat about him he gave the word to his chauffeur and was whirled away to his home at Forest Hill.

CHICAGO HEAT IS DEADLY

Prize Winner in Beef Killing Contest Is First to Succumb.

Chicago, July 17.—With temperature today six degrees higher than at the corresponding time yesterday, deaths from heat began early. The first reported was that of William Duvinsky, winner of many prizes in contests for killing and dressing beeves, who was overcome by heat while at work in the killing room of the Hammond Packing company at the stock yards. He died almost immediately.

Not far away and almost at the same time John Goggan succumbed to the heat at his home and died in a few minutes. The temperature was 93 degrees in the shade.

WITTE AS PEACE ENVOY

Takes Muravieff's Place as Plenipotentiary.

St. Petersburg, July 13.—Emperor Nicholas has signed the appointment of M. Witte, president of the committee of ministers to be chief plenipotentiary representing the Russian government in the peace negotiations to be conducted next month in the United States.

The appointment, which was signed after midnight, clothes M. Witte with plenary powers. Official notification of the designation of M. Witte to head the mission was forwarded to Washington this morning.

M. Witte will take passage on the North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, which sails from Cherbourg July 26.

M. WITTE.

Sergius Witte, the chief Russian peace plenipotentiary, may be regarded as the leading liberal statesman of Russia.

For the last thirteen years he has been one of the strongest personalities in the Russian bureaucracy, although his political fortunes suffered a setback when he was compelled to resign the portfolio of minister of finance in August, 1903, and again when, after being appointed president of the council of ministers in the same month his office gradually lost its importance, until rumors of his intention to resign and go abroad had been persistently circulated.

Witte is about 56 years old, and has steadily worked his way up from the position of an underpaid railroad clerk, who occasionally acted as porter, to that of the leading statesmen of Russia, in spite of the fact that his enemies are numerous and include some of the most powerful men in Russia. A man of large stature, big-limbed and muscular, standing over six feet high, Witte has the reputation of being harsh to his subordinates, but his honesty and ability have never been doubted even by his worst enemies. He was created a count in 1901.

M. Witte is thoroughly familiar with the far eastern question in all its bearings. He understands the Japanese position and fully realized before the war that the aggressive policy being pursued under the lead of Viceroy Alexieff and M. Bezobrazoff, president of the Yalu Timber company, and the coterie of adventurers connected with them would drive Japan to take up the sword. At one time Witte talked over the situation with the Marquis Ito, president of the Japanese privy council and one of the leading statesmen of Japan. Practically it was Witte's disapproval of Russia's fareastern policy and the creation of a vice royalty in the far east which caused his downfall as minister of finance.

Witte Has Full Powers.

Paris, July 13.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Echo de Paris states that the declination of M. Muravieff to head the Russian peace mission was based partly on the state of his health and partly on the fact that his allowance for expenses to cover the period of his sojourn in America was only 15,000 roubles, which amount he considered insufficient, owing to the great cost of living in the United States.

M. Witte twice refused to become the successor of M. Muravieff on the mission on the ground that he did not wish to be a mere figurehead in the transmission to Emperor Nicholas of the peace terms offered by Japan. His selection therefore cannot but be taken to mean that the emperor has yielded to his insistence that real powers plenipotentiary be conferred upon Russia's principal representative in the peace commission.

REPORT IS GIVEN JEROME

Superintendent Hendricks Has Equitable Testimony Sent to Him.

New York, July 17.—An official copy of the testimony taken by Superintendent of Insurance Hendricks in his inquiry into the affairs of the Equitable Life Assurance society which District Attorney Jerome made several unsuccessful attempts to procure last week, was received at the district attorney's office today. It was taken there by a special messenger from the office of Robert Hunter, deputy superintendent of insurance, under an order issued yesterday by Superintendent Hendricks.

Mr. Jerome has announced that he will make a careful examination of the testimony and that if conditions seem to warrant it criminal action will be begun.

YOUNG BOY PROVES HERO

Rescues Lad From Drowning and Wants Carnegie Medal Now.

Greenwich, Conn., July 17.—Ten-year-old Frank Castiglione is a candidate for a Carnegie medal.

At Bruce park he saw George Albinus fall in a hole while wading off the beach, and Thomas Doran, who went to his assistance, go down with him. Plunging in Castiglione swam to the rescue. Doran got out alone, but Albinus fought his rescuer until young Castiglione dealt him a quieting blow. Then the young life-saver swam to shore with his burden, rolled the water out of him and restored him to consciousness.

RICH EX-SLAVE IS DEAD.

N. T. Gant, Property Owner of Zanesville, Was 85 Years Old.

Columbus O., July 15.—N. T. Gant, said to be the richest colored man in Ohio, died at his home in Zanesville, very suddenly last evening. He was about 85 years of age, and up to within a few weeks had excellent health. He was born a slave. Gant was the owner of Gant park at Zanesville, and a vast amount of realty in the city. Eight years ago he was a member of the Republican state central executive committee. A son, N. T. Gant, jr., is a clerk in the office of the state commissioner of insurance.

You Can Get Rich GROWING Pays $50,000 Ginseng

for one crop from one acre of matured roots. Little capital required. Write for free illustrated booklet. Gardens started on $5.00 and up. G. Betts' Ginseng Gardens, Evanston, Ill.

TREPOFF'S DOOM SEALED

Knows That Terrorists Will Soon Kill Him.

Odessa, July 13.—Twenty-four leaders of the recent disturbances here were hanged today in various prisons. Another batch of seventeen will be publicly executed upon the arrival here of General Ignatieff, president of the special conference for the revision of the exceptional law designed for safeguarding public order.

The battleship Georgia Pobledonosetz has arrived here with a fresh crew for the purpose of taktaking sixty-seven mutineers to Sevastopol for trial by court martial.

St. Petersburg, July 13.—The resignation of M. Bouligin, as minister of the interior, is expected daily. General Trepoff, the assistant minister of the interior, will probably be his successor.

The Terrorists have recently renewed their warnings against General Trepoff with ominous persistence.

The general is constantly in receipt of letters signed by the executive committee of the fighting organization informing him that his hour has come. A remarkable feature of all the communications is that the writers take pains to say that no safeguards will avail to avert his impending doom. At the same time they tell him he need not be afraid to go abroad in streets. They add:

"Your sentence will be executed in your own room. You will die in your bed."

The Terrorists seem to take pride in issuing a challenge involving a demonstration of their power and resources to penetrate the armor of the police. Moreover General Trepoff knows enough of the resources and desperateness of the organization to firmly believe that the Terrorists are able to execute their threat. He makes no concealment of the fact that he expects to be killed, but his nerve is unshaken.

"I will at least die at the post of duty," he says.

Privately General Trepoff takes a gloomy view of the future of the autocracy, in which he believes. The general is confident that if given untrammeled power he could restore the old status quo in a year, but the present vacillating policy, he thinks, will end only in ruin. A representative assembly, no matter what its initial character, he is convinced, will soon be transformed into a constituent assembly which will give the death blow to absolutism.

Keep Identity Hidden.

Moscow, July 13.—The authorities here decline to disclose the identity of the assassin of Prefect of Police Shuvaloff last Tuesday, but it is known that a very prominent and important political capture has been made. After the prisoner's escape from the police station where he had been confined as a political suspect some days previous to the assassination of the prefect, Shuvaloff set all the police of Moscow at work to effect his recapture. The prisoner in the meantime shaved off his beard, and, while the police were searching for him everywhere the man went to the prefect's office and committed the crime for which he will now be tried. The bullets of the revolver used by the prisoner were filled with poison. The crowd in the anteroom of the prefecture set upon the assassin who was dragged into the street and terribly beaten.

BONANZA FOR THE BRIDES

Indiana Justice Ties Knot and Throws in Board.

Indianapolis, July 13.—Fifty cents for performing the marriage ceremony and furnishing lodging, supper and breakfast is the rate established by James H. Edleman, a justice of the peace in Henry county, who lives near a locality known as "The Garden of Eden." Edleman, until a month ago, when he began to advertise his cut price for those who contemplate matrimony, had not had a single case during his incumbency of office. He declared he would do some business, even if it cost him more than he received in fees, and now he is kept busy tying knots.

Bonds Oversubscribed.

Tokio, July 17.—The Korean loan of $1,000,000 was oversubscribed four times. It was the first foreign loan ever floated in Japan.

PARESIS LAYS HIM LOW

Mind of Former Statesman Is Almost Gone.

Dubuque, July 17.—Living over again the days of his glory on the battlefield, sending messages to imaginary secretaries as if he still were one of the chiefs of the nation, Colonel David B. Henderson is existing in an enfeebled mental state that threatens to carry him to the grave.

Calling for his sword and dwelling in fancy amid the battle scenes of 40 years ago, the man who has devoted the better part of his life to the service of his country as soldier, statesman and orator is a pitiful wreck of his former self. Paresis has set its seal upon him, and a stroke of paralysis, suffered three weeks ago, has brought him to a condition which physicians pronounced hopeless.

Not long ago speaker of the national house of representatives, and therefore second only to the President of the United States in power, Colonel Henderson now is only the shadow of his former self, haunted by dreams of his former greatness and cherishing an ambition that is doomed to disappointment.

The secret of Colonel Henderson's retirement from the speakership of congress and from public life in 1902 is known at last—a mental difficulty that finally has defeated him after years of heroic suffering that resulted from a wound received in the war of the rebellion.

The battle of Corinth, where he received the wound that cast a shadow over his entire subsequent life, is the event that is uppermost in his thoughts, now confused beyond hope of repair. It was at Corinth that Colonel Henderson, then a captain in an Iowa regiment, received a wound in the foot, which resulted in amputation after amputation, until at last almost the whole of one leg had been removed by the surgeons.

Colonel Henderson had been in fair health until he was laid low by the stroke of paralysis. He was able to converse rationally with his family and friends at most times, but since the acute attack he has been incompetent of mind and physically he is barely able to move across his room at the Hotel Julien. The recent stroke affected his right side, and aside from this he suffers constantly from insomnia. Even in his brief periods of sleep he imagines himself either on the battlefield or in the legislative halls at Washington, shouting out his orders and parliamentary rulings with the great voice that time has never weakened.

DAVID B. HENDERSON
FORMER SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERICK YOUNG

All Dubuque is sorrowing since the soldier-statesman's condition has become known generally. "The hero of Dubuque" long has been the favorite phrase of Iowans in referring to him. In the days of his mental vigor, though he was handicapped by the loss of his leg, he was an enthusiastic sportsman, and as such, aside from his strong personality, his statesmanship and his power as an orator, he was known not only throughout this state, but through the northwest and in many other sections of the country.

WOULD DEPOSE THE CZAR

Zemstvoists and Doumaists in Favor of It.

St. Petersburg, July 18.—A sensational rumor is current here today that a large party of the zemstvoists and doumaists at Moscow are in favor of the proclamation of the deposition of Emperor Nicholas and the establishment of the regency for the Grand Duke Alexis Nicholaietvitch, the infant son of the emperor and heir to the throne, under four grand dukes.

It is alleged that for this reason the meeting of the all-Russian zemstvoist and doumaist congress, which was to take place tomorrow at Moscow, has been prohibited.

ALEXANDER IN BAD SHAPE

Former Equitable President Seldom Is Conscious Now.

New York, July 18.—James W. Alexander, former president of the Equitable Life Assurance society, is in a critical condition in Unkaway sanitarium, within three miles of the Oaks, the summer residence of James H. Hyde. Attended by nurses and his own physician, the patient is rarely conscious of his surroundings and requires constant attention.

The precise nature of Mr. Alexander's illness is more or less conjectural, but it has become known that he originally suffered from kidney affection, has had a slight apoplectic stroke and later exhibited symptoms of nervous prostration.

Secrecy of an extraordinary nature has been observed by the immediate family of Mr. Alexander. So strict has been the observance of this secrecy that even James H. Hyde was unaware of the close proximinity of his former associate and chief.

CHINA WILL EXPERIMENT

Envoys Are Sent Out to Study Conditions in Other Countries.

Pekin, July 18.—An edict has been issued ordering the dispatch abroad of missions to study general political methods. The commission is headed respectively by Prince Tsaitche, who is of royal blood; Tai Hung Chie, second minister of finance; Shu Shie Chang, chief assistant to Yuan Shai Tai, viceroy of Chi Li province, and Touan Fang, governor of Huanan province.

The edict, which is vaguely worded, orders the envoys to visit all countries in the east and west, and study foreign methods generally. None of the men named speak any foreign language. The four missions will depart separately, on dates yet undecided.

The idea is generally regarded as a step in the right direction, though it may prove futile.

DOCTOR MAKES HARD RIDE

Goes Hundred Miles on Relays of Horses to Attend Injured.

Meeteetse, Wyo., July 18.—Three men were killed and four were injured yesterday by an explosion in the Kirwin gold mine. There was no doctors nearer than Thermopolis, 100 miles to the southeast, but Dr. Richards at that place covered the mountainous distance in a little less than eleven hours.

Four relays were used by him in making the trip, ranchmen along the route supplying the horses.

DOWAGER QUEEN TO COME

Widow of Humbert Will Visit United States This Year.

Turin, July 18.—It is learned from a most reliable source that Dowager Queen Margherita will go on an automobile tour through Spain and Portugal in September, and later will visit the United States, sailing on a German steamer.

Russian Crops Fair.

St. Petersburgq, July 15.—The crop report does not support the predictions that a famine is threatening Russia. In some of the central and eastern provinces the outlook is bad, owing to lack of rain in the spring, but, as a whole, the government's report classifies winter wheat as above the average and spring wheat as promising to good and rye the same. Oats and barley are good. Besides, there is also a considerable surplus from last year's record harvest.

MUST HAVE GOOD TERMS

M. Witte Is Not for Peace at Any Price.

St. Petersburg, July 18.—M. Witte was asked yesterday whether Russia is ready to make peace at any price.

"No, no," said he, straightening up in his chair.

"In the first place, I have been designated by the emperor as his ambassador extraordinary for four parleers with the Japanese plenipotentiaries to ascertain whether it is possible to conclude a treaty of peace. My personal views are of secondary importance, but my ideas are in entire accord with those of my friend, Count Lamsdorf.

"In serving my emperor I have received precise instructions from his majesty and shall follow them."

Witte Sees Czar.

St. Petersburg, July 18.—M. Witte had a final interview with Emperor Nicholas at Peterhof today. Foreign Minister Count Lamsdorff was present, showing the complete harmony of views between M. Witte and the foreign minister. M. Witte leaves St. Petersburg for Paris tomorrow accompanied by Mme. Witte. At Paris they meet their daughter, who is the wife of the secretary of the Russian legation at Brussels. Mme. Witte has no intention of joining her husband later in America.

UNION DEPOT IS BURNED

Louisville Station Destroyed With a Loss of $850,000.

Louisville, Ky., July 18.—The union passenger station at Tenth and Broadway was destroyed by fire last night, entailing a loss of $850,000. The fire started on the top floor of the four-story stone structure, and, although every fire engine in the city, except the reserves, was on the scene in half an hour, the flames gained steadily. Two hours after the fire started the building was eaten to a shell. The fire occurred when few trains were scheduled to arrive or depart, and only a few passengers were in the building. There was no panic and no causalties ensued. Defective insulation on electric wires is thought to have cause the fire.

The train shed was saved, and the terminals were not obstructed. The fire caused small interruption to traffic on the Louisville & Nashville, the Pennsylvania and the Monon roads, the three companies using the union station.

Peary Fine Remitted.

New York, July 18.—The $500 fine levied against Robert C. Peary's new ship, the Roosevelt, which sailed Sunday on her North Pole voyage, will not have to be paid, according to an order received from Acting Secretary Garfield, of the department of commerce and labor. The Roosevelt was fined for leaving Portland, Me., recently without proper clearance papers, and a bond to secure this payment was given before the vessel could leave New York. Mr. Garfield directs the local collector to refrain from proceeding in the enforcement of the fine.

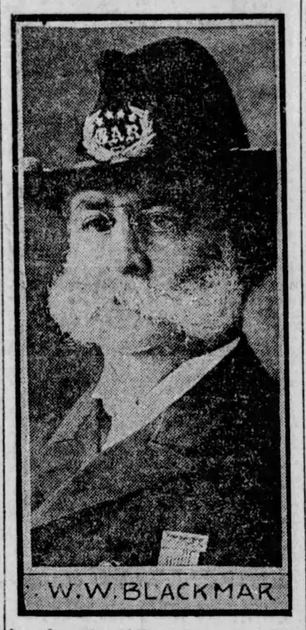
G. .A R. LEADER IS DEAD

Gen. W. W. Blackmar Passes Away During Trip.

Boise, Idaho, July 17.—General W. W. Blackmar, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., died here yesterday of interstitial nephritis.

His wife was with him during his illness. The body will be embalmed and taken to the home of the family in Boston. General Blackmar arrived here on July 10 on an inspection tour of Grand Army posts throughout the northwest. He was ill when he arrived and gradually failed.

The seriousness of his condition was



W. W. BLACKMAR

kept from the public at the request of his wife.

General Blackmar was born July 25, 1841, at Bristol, Pa. He enlisted in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry and subsequently joined the First West Virginia. He served with distinction throughout the war and at Five Forks was promoted on the field by General Custer to the rank of captain. Through the three administrations, those of Governors Long, Talbott and Rice, he was judge advocate general of Massachusetts.

At the last national encampment of the G. A. R. he was elected commander-in-chief.

Baltimore, July 17.—By the death of General Blackmar, Captain John R King, of this city, senior vice commander-in-chief, becomes, under the laws of the G. A. R., acting commander-in-chief, and will continue such until the next national encampment. Captain King is pension agent for Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, and has an office in Washington.

Boston, Mass., July 17.—Except for two or three officials of the Grand Army, the news of the death of Commander-in-Chief Blackmar was received with great surprise in this city. The home of General Blackmar was in this city and since his elevation to the position of commander-in-chief the headquarters of the organization have been here.

Two weeks ago the commander-in-chief broke down and was ordered to his bed in his summer home at Hingham by his physicians. On July 6, General Blackmar's condition had apparently improved, and it was decided to permit him to continue his visits to western departments which he had begun early in the year.

Assistant Adjutant General E. B. Stillings, commander of Kinsley Post, 113, of this city, of which General Blackmar was a member, left Boston today for the west. He will assist Mrs. Blackmar in arranging for the funeral, which probably will be held in this city.

Southern Leader Dead.

Dalton, Ga., July 17.—General B. M. Thomas died at his home in this city Sunday. Peritonitis was the immediate cause of his death. He was a graduate of West Point and a distinguished brigadier general in the Confederate army.

GO TO MEET JONES' BODY

One Fleet Sailed Today and Another Starts Tomorrow.

Newport, R. I., July 18.—The second division of the battleship squadron of the North Atlantic fleet under command of Rear Admiral Davis sailed today to join the squadron of American warships which is conveying the body of John Paul Jones to this country from France. The division consists of the flagship Alabama and the battleships Illinois, Iowa and Massachusetts.

The warships will separate and cruise between here and Hampton Roads, Va., always within wireless communication of one another. When the warships which are transporting the body are located by wireless Rear Admiral Davis' ships will assemble and escort the inward bound fleet to Hampton Roads. Tomorrow the second division of the battleship squadron, consisting of the flagship Maine, and the Missouri, Kearsarge and Kentucky, commanded by Rear Admiral Evans, will sail from Newport for Hampton Roads.

Bonaparte on Vacation.

Washington, July 17.—Secretary Bonaparte left Baltimore today for Lee, Mass., with Mrs. Bonaparte, who will spend the rest of the summer in the Berkshires. The secretary will leave there on July 21 for Bolton Landing, Lake George, where he will attend the meeting of the council of the National Civil Service Reform League, of which he is chairman. Owing to his duty as a member of the cabinet he has been compelled to relinquish his position as chairman of the council, and a successor will be elected at Saturday's meeting. Secretary Bonaparte expects to return to Washington early next week.

THE GOLD PRODUCTION

Double What It Was When Bryan First Ran.

Washington, July 18.—Four hundred millions is now the estimate of the world's gold production for 1905 made by the treasury experts. From every gold field in the word come accounts of an increase in production, and comparisons with reports of former years indicate that a new record will be established this year. More than this, even a larger flow of wealth is expected from the gold mines in 1906.

A realization of the treasury experts' expectations means that the gold production for this year will be more than double that of 1896, when William Jennings Bryan was endeavoring to save the country from the threatened gold famine. When the "crime of '73" was committed the mines of the world were not producing a fourth of this year's estimate, and when specie payment was resumed the production was less than in '73.

The treasury officials do not think that this great increase in the gold output of the world will in the least disturb business conditions. The gold production is merely keeping pace with the development of the gold standard in the United States and by the two defeats of Bryan and the invasion of Mexico and other silver countries by the gold standard, large financial interests have extended their enterprises upon a scale that marks a new epoch in the world's history.

The United States is not the only country that has felt the reviving effects of the establishment of gold as the standard of money. Every commercial center has noted the result of the establishment of money upon the staple basis of gold.

Even the work of producing the gold supply of the world has been revolutionized by the victory of the gold standard. It no longer depends upon the efforts of wild prospectors. The methods of the old forty-niners, who, during the California excitement dug gold out of the earth with a pick and shovel, no longer prevail in the mining of the yellow metal. Between the years of 1845 and 1865 the world's production was increased from $36,000,000 to $130,000,000. This was when the California and South seas gold excitement was at its high tide. But cold blooded and calculating statisticians have estimated that every dollar's worth of gold that was panned out of the mines of California and Australia then cost two dollars, not taking into consideration the precious lives that were sacrificed in the struggle to wrest from the earth her golden treasure.

In these days mankind digs gold as he conducts other business. There are a few picturesque characters, like Scotty, the "live miner from Death's Valley." Most of the gold is now being produced by scientific methods and under business management. By legislative enactments financiers have been assured that there will be a staple demand for gold, and they have gone about its business as they have mined coal and iron ore. Gold mining has been robbed of its romance, and it is now a question of dividends for immense stock companies. But this radical change in gold mining has not only added stability to the business, but is increasing the production by rapid strides. New fields are being developed and old fields are being made more productive by the application of new inventions and more modern methods. In many instances what has been considered waste material is being turned into profitable ore, and year after year the area of paying ore is being extended.

The treasury statistics on the United States production of gold are not yet complete for the year ending December 31 last, but they are so far perfected that it is certain a gain of about 10 per cent. will be shown over the preceding year. Even this will only restore it to the level reached in 1902, when this country turned out $80,000,000 of gold. The following year there was a reduction of almost $7,000,000, due to the labor troubles in Colorado.

Taking the treasury statistics so far as they have been received and putting them together with the figures of the London Statist on the gold that is being turned out in the rest of the world this year, and it is plain enough that the $400,000,000 mark will be passed. Thus the Rand, in May, 1905, produced more gold than in any month since 1899. It will exceed $100,000,000 this year, against $75,000,000 last year.

The United States produced $73,591,000 in 1903; it produced about $80,000,000 in 1904; and it will produce about $90,000,000 in 1905. The high point thus far is $80,000,000. But the Tanana region in Alaska promises great things. Nevada is developing fields that take the pioneers back to the old days of the Comstock lode; Colorado is again producing at full blast; and the possibility of a $100,000,000 figure is seriously contemplated for 1906.

The new conditions in the Rand, under English government, with Chinese labor being imported, and, on the whole, successfully employed in the mines; the development of new fields reported to be of great richness in Japan; Australia continues to gain, its annual product being about the same as that of the United States. So that it is apparent that, with a record of $200,000,000 annual gain in the last decade, it is not unreasonable to expect that the near future will see another $100,000,000 added, making a grand total of half a billion—five times as much as the world dug in 1880.

Perhaps a few figures showing the annual production of gold in the world at fixed periods since the discovery of America may shed additional light on this new twentieth-century production of gold. From the mint reports these estimates for production in the years indicated are prepared:

Year.	Value.
1493	$ 3,855,000
1545	5,565,000
1600	5,000,000
1650	5,828,000
1700	7,154,000
1750	16,356,000
1800	12,000,000
1850	36,393,000
1860	122,980,000
1870	115,577,000
1880	100,000,000
1890	112,000,000
1895	162,947,000
1900	254,576,000
1904	380,000,000
1905	400,000,000

ADVISES WEAVER TO ACT

Secretary Root Tells Him to Punish Offenders.

Philadelphia, July 18.—Acting on the advice of the newly appointed secretary of state, Elihu Root, his special counsel in the municipal fraud investigation, it is probable that Mayor Weaver before the end of the week will begin criminal proceedings, independent of the district attorney, against a number of prominent and influential politicians and others. These persons, according to the disclosures, are guilty of complicity in the stupendous frauds in connection with the construction of the city's filtration plants.

Following a conference regarding the refusal of District Attorney Bell to begin prosecutions on conspiracy charges against certain persons alleged to be involved in the frauds, Mr. Root in a letter advises and urges Mayor Weaver to inaugurate proceedings before a magistrate and carry the prosecutions as far as the law will permit, regardless of the attitude of the district attorney.

The conference, which was held last Friday, was participated in, aside from Mr. Root and Mayor Weaver, by former United States Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh, special counsel for the committee of nine of this city; James Gay Gordon, private counsel to Mayor Weaver, and Julien T. Davies and Joseph Auerbach, counsel for the committee of seventy. District Attorney Bell, in drawing up indictments against Councilman Frank H. Caven and J. W. Hill, former chief of the bureau of filtration, had flatly refused the demand that action be taken by him against a number of others charged with being involved in the conspiracy. The district attorney suggested that the mayor take any further initiative.

Mr. Root in his letter expreses the opinion that Mayor Weaver has done his full duty in laying before the public prosecutor the facts and evidence already brought out, but advises him to go further.

"Crimes committed by men who have political power," Mr. Root writes, "are often sheltered behind official indifference and inactivity, and then some one has to do more than his duty to secure justice, and you will not be the first public officer who has done a great public service against the resistance of those from whom the service ought to come."

Mr. Root advises the mayor, in taking this step, to invite the aid and co-operation of the district attorney, "giving him every opportunity to take part in the prosecutions and to perform the duty for which he was elected."

Following his advice to Mayor Weaver to proceed against the alleged criminals, Root says:

"There is more at stake here than the mere punishment of isolated offenses. There is the question whether your city shall continue to be governed by criminals, or shall take its place on the list of American cities capable of honest self-government.

"When you have carried the prosecutions, either with or without the district attorney's aid, through the hands of the committing magistrate, you will have done everything within your power, and if the prosecutions then fail, after committing within the exclusive power of the district attorney, and the Augean stables remain uncleaned, the people of the city cannot doubt who is responsible for failure."

FIGHT THE FRAUD ORDER

St. Louis Company Appeals From Postmaster General's Ruling.

St. Louis, Mo., July 18.—Arguments were began today before Judge Smith McPherson in the United States court on the petition filed by Edward G. Lewis, asking that the fraud order issued by Postmaster General Cortleyou, denying Lewis and the People's United States bank the use of the mails be set aside. At the opening of court District Attorney Dyer filed an answer to Lewis' petition for injunction. He alleges congress has authorized the postmaster general to issue such a fraud order as that against the Lewis bank and has constituted him a court of last resort in such cases and that under the congressional act the postmaster general's action cannot be attacked in a court of equity unless he is charged with fraud or malice.

In accordance with the terms of the fraud order all mail addressed to Lewis and the bank was returned to the senders on and after July 8, until July 12, when a temporary restraining order was granted by Judge McPherson, directing the postmaster to hold the mail in the St. Louis postoffice pending a decision on the application for an injunction filed by Lewis.

WEEKLY WEATHER BUREAU BULLETIN

Washington, July 18.—The weekly bulletin of the weather bureau summarizes crop conditions as follows:

Favorable temperatures prevailed during the week ending July 17 throughout the country. The intense heat on the Pacific coast during the latter part of the previous week was followed by decidedly lower temperature. Heavy rains interfered with work in the Ohio valley and over a large part of the south Atlantic and east gulf states, but a very general absence of rain in the west gulf districts, with only light showers over much of the Missouri and upper Mississippi valleys, afforded favorable opportunity for much needed cultivation. Rains would be of great benefit in the southern plateau region.

Corn has made splendid progress throughout nearly the whole of the corn belt and is decidedly improved in the states of the Missouri valley, where its previous progress has been retarded by cool weather. While the general outlook for this crop is very promising it has sustained some injury.

Further reports of injury to harvested winter wheat are received from the central Mississippi and Ohio valleys, the middle Atlantic states, Texas and Oklahoma and Indian territories, but no complaints of this character are received from Kansas and Nebraska, both quality and yield in the last named state being better than was expected. Harvesting, where not finished in the more northerly districts, is well advanced.

Spring wheat has experienced a week of favorable weather and continues in promising condition. While rust is still prevalent in the Dakotas and to some extent in Minnesota, it is not increasing in the first named states and there is very little in Minnesota. Winter wheat is filling nicely on the north Pacific coast, where the hot winds of the past week caused but slight injury.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, July 15.—Bradstreet's says: Midsummer influences still govern general trade and industry, but better weather and crop reports make for quite optimistic trade reports in the surplus cereal-producing sections of the west. Very favorable reports as to fall trade orders come from nearly all points west of the Alleghanies, north of the Ohio river and thence westward to the Pacific. Large, though, except in a few cases, not record-breaking, crop yields now appear reasonably assured in that entire region, and there is a general agreement that fall business already booked exceeds a year ago at this date. Less assurance is found in the reports from the west half of the south, where it is feared serious damage has been done by incessant rains to cotton, wheat and other crops, this partially offsetting the favorable influence of the recent heavy advance in cotton prices. There is evidence of cross currents in iron and steel, the latter being active and strong, while crude iron, though displaying more activity, is still weak or lower in most markets. Commodity prices display great strength for a mid-summer period and are only fractionally lower on the month.

A point deserving note is the widespread activity in demand for cotton goods of nearly all kinds, which accepts steady advances in prices and clamors for more goods. Other textiles are also strong, wool being steadily absorbed at the highest prices for years, while woolen goods machinery finds satisfactory employment on higher priced goods. Other materials for manufacture, such as hides and leather are active, and while the advance of the year favors rather quieter conditions in building material, lumber, brick and hardware reflect the continuance of unprecedented activity in construction work.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending July 13 number 186, against 197 last week, 203 in the like week of 1904, 172 in 1903, 174 in 1902, and 208 in 1901.

In Canada failures for the week number 20, as again st29 last week, and 18 in this week a year ago.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, July 18.—Close.—Wheat prices opened weak again today. Market prices were all lower, cash leading with a loss of 1½c. July was off ⅞c, September ½c, and December 1c. Liverpool cables were lower and contributory factors in the initial declines. The weather map was ideal, both southwest and northwest, so far as the disappearance of rains and predictions were concerned. Wheat movement was large, Chicago reporting about 100 cars and 300 to 400 expected at Kansas City. The market, however, reacted during the hour and prices worked higher, closing approaching the closing level of last night. The buying came from the shorts who were buying on talk of black rust damage in the northwest. Offerings were liberal at the opening but dried up as the buying spirit increased.

There was an irregular tone to the market at the close. Bradstreet's available showed adecrease of 2,721,000 bushels, against 2,437,000 a week ago and 5,790,000 a year ago. Clearances were 22,500 bushels; estimates 92 cars.

Primary wheat receipts were 790,000 bushels, against 465,000 a week ago and 384,000 a year ago; shipments were 394,000 bushels, against 272,000 and 191,000.

Although the weather map favored a bear corn market, prices were not greatly disturbed at the opening. Cables were lower and receipts ran large. There was a fair business developed but as usual the early trade lacked snap. The eastern demand was poor.

Bradstreet's decrease of 839,000 bushels in the available was a strengthening factor in corn. The buying came from the shorts, and was persistent, in the face of light offerings. Clearances were 4,811 bushels; estimates were 132 cars.

Primary corn receipts were 584,000 bushels, against 740,000 a week ago and 483,000 a year ago; shipments were 358,000 bushels, against 348,000 and 293,000.

Fine weather and good crop prospects brought results in oats and prices were lower at the opening. Some buying, scattered through the list during the hour, developed an irregular tone with gains and losses unevenly distributed. Receipts were about equal to estimates.

Oats could not be helped in any way. Speculation was extinct and conditions all favored the bears. The decrease in the available was 1,012,000 bushels. Clearances were 125 bushels. Estimates were placed at 81 cars.

Clover seed appeared weak. The fine weather map brought on some profit-taking and some short selling. The offerings consequently were more liberal than at any time during the last few days. No receipts or shipments were reported. The closing was weak. Demand started in cash and ran through both October and December.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	July 18 Close.	July 17 Close.
Wheat.					
Cash	87½	87½	87	87	89
July	85¾	86⅝	85¼	85¾	86¼
Sept	84½	85½	84¼	85	85
Dec	85½	86¾	85½	86¾	86½
Corn—					
Cash				59½	59
July	58¼	59½	58½	59	58½
Sept	57¼	57¾	57¼	57¼	57½
Dec	47½	48	47½	48	47¾
Oats—					
Cash				33	33¼
July	33¾	33¼	33¼	33	33¼
Sept.	30	30¼	30	30¼	30¾
May	32¾	32¾	32¾	32¾	33¼
Dec.	30½	30½	30½	30½	....
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	7.50	7.70
Oct...	5.72	5.72	5.65	5.67	5.75
Dec...	5.70	5.70	5.65	5.65	5.72
Rye—					
No. 2.....	....	....	....	68	71
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.60	1.60
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	....	7.20
Aug...	....	....	....	7.10	7.10

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	91	92¾	91	91¾	91½
Sept..	87½	88	87	87½	87½
Corn—					
July	62¼	62½	62½	62½	62¾
Sept..	61¾	61¾	60½	60½	61¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	81	81⅝	81	81¼	81¾
Sept..	79¼	80¼	79¼	80¼	80
Dec...	....	....	....	80¾	82½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.04½	1.04½
Sept...	....	....	....	87½	86⅝
Dec...	....	....	....	84	83½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.08	1.08
Sept...	....	....	....	82¾	81¾

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	85	85¾	84¼	85¼	85½
Sept	82⅝	82¼	82¼	83¼	82⅞
Dec	82¼	83¼	82¼	83¼	82¾
May	84½	85¾	84¾	85¾	85¼
Corn—					
July (new)	56⅞	57¼	56¾	56⅞	56½
Sept. (old)	54½	55⅛	56⅜	56⅞	56½
July (old).	57¾	57⅝	56¾	57	56¾
Sept (old).	54⅞	55⅜	54⅝	55⅜	55
Dec	47½	48	47½	48	47¾
May	47½	47¾	47¼	47¾	47⅝
Oats—					
July	30¼	31¼	30¼	31	30¾
Sept	29	29½	28⅝	29	29⅛
Dec	29½	29¾	29¾	29½	29¾
May	31	31⅜	30⅞	31½	31⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	12.77	12.80	12.77	12.80	12.67
Sept	12.90	12.97	12.90	12.95	12.82
Oct	12.96	13.07	12.96	12.02	12.92
Lard—					
July	7.10	7.10	7.10	7.10	7.05
Sept	7.17	7.25	7.17	7.25	7.20
Oct	7.27	7.32	7.27	7.30	7.27
Ribs—					
July	7.77	7.80	7.75	7.80	7.70
Sept..	7.87	7.95	7.87	7.92	7.87
Oct	7.92	7.97	7.92	7.97	7.92

Money and Stocks.

New York, July 10.—Wall street.—The opening of the stock market found few orders for execution, and gains of ⅛@¼ point were the rule, varied with a few scattered losses. Pittsburg Coal preferred fell ¾ point, and Virginia-Carolina Chemical, ⅝.

Active stocks made an effort to respond to an advance in the local traction group, but as the rise in the standard stoc